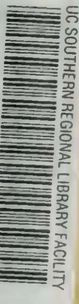

WALLACE

Uncle Henry's Own Story
of His Own Life

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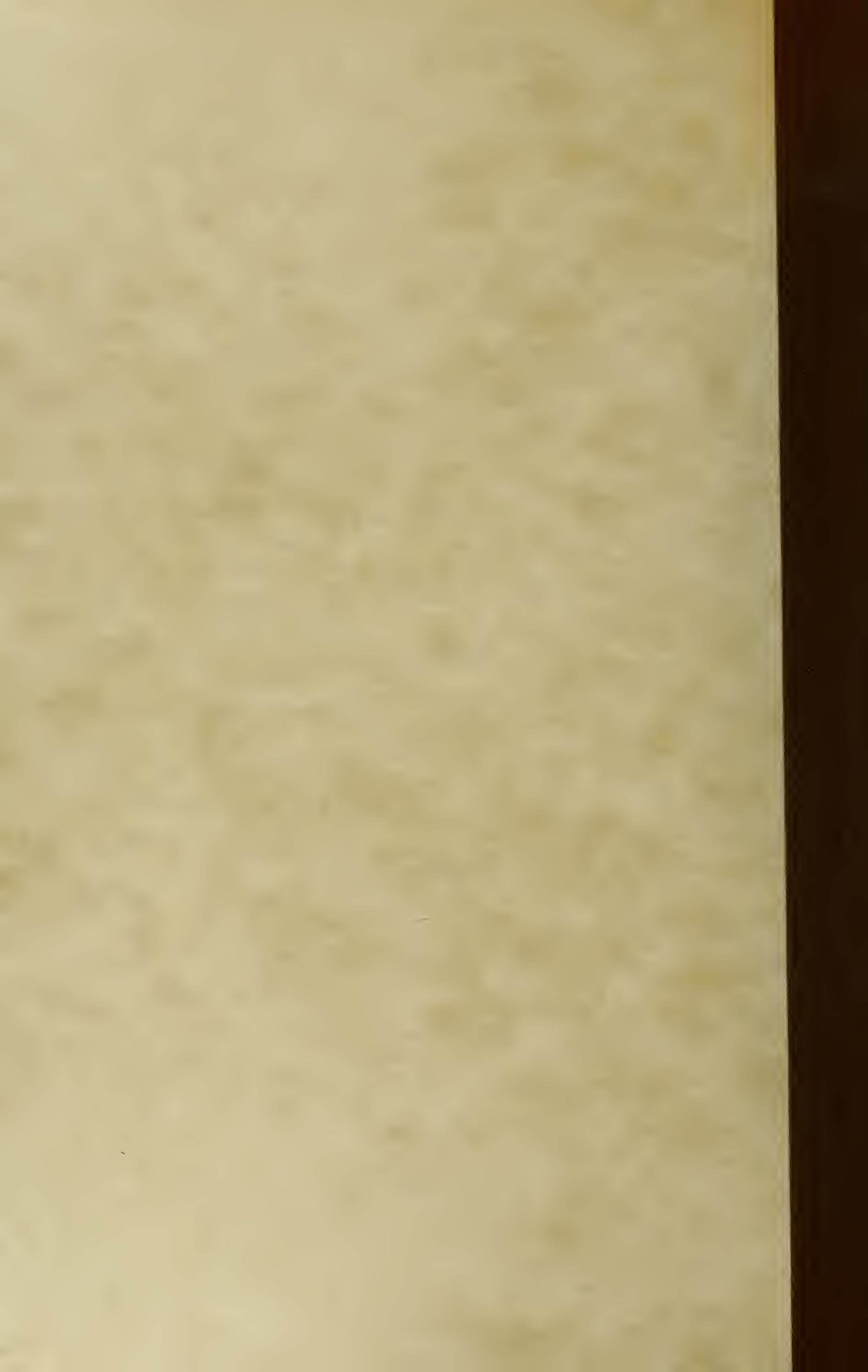

Uncle Henry's Own Story

BY

HENRY WALLACE

Uncle Henry's Own Story of His Life

PERSONAL REMINICENCES

VOL. I

By

HENRY WALLACE
Editor Wallaces' Farmer 1895-1916

DES MOINES, IOWA
The Wallace Publishing Company
1917

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The last photo of Henry Wallace, taken less than a month before his death. It shows "Uncle Henry" holding his first great-grandchild, Henry Browne Wallace, then about four and one-half months of age. In the center is his son, Henry C. Wallace, and at the left is his grandson, Henry A. Wallace. Four generations of oldest sons.

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Introduction

THESE letters, written by Henry Wallace, and addressed to his great-grandchildren, were the result of a chance suggestion made some years ago. Mr. Wallace had lived a very full and eventful life during a most wonderful period of the world's history. Between his boyhood and old age, a transformation had been wrought in the methods of living and in civilization itself. Means of transportation by land, sea and air had been wholly changed. The world had emerged from a period of hand labor to machine labor, with a revolution in the lives of laboring people. It was a period of invention, discovery and wonderful progress in transportation and science; a period of world-wide evolution in agriculture. All of this he had seen, and in some of it he had played a very important part.

It was suggested to him that the ordinary biography, or even autobiography, fails to tell the things that people most like to learn about. That his great-grandchildren, for example, would be intensely interested in the sort of life he lived as a boy and a young man. They would like to know about the things in which he had an active part, and in which he was vitally interested. They would like to know of the manners and customs of the people with whom he grew up and lived. Why not, as he had leisure, write a series of intimate letters to the young folks, who probably would be coming on years afterwards—the sort of letters that would reveal his own personality as no biographer could do it?

The suggestion was received with instant favor, and very shortly afterwards the first of these letters was written. From that beginning, during the next three or four years, as the spirit moved him, he wrote additional letters, the last one but a few months before his death.

We have felt that the thousands of people who admired and loved Henry Wallace have a very real claim to share these letters with the great-grandchildren to whom they were addressed; and we began their publication in Wallaces' Farmer in the autumn of 1916. The present volume contains all of the letters published up to the autumn of 1917.

WALLACE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Uncle Henry's Own Story

MY Dear Great-Grandchildren: At this writing, none of you have put in an appearance as yet, and probably will not for some years to come. Nevertheless, I am morally certain that you will appear in due time. [Uncle Henry's first great-grandchild, a boy, appeared September 18, 1915, some five years after this letter was written.] You will make your appearance in a world so different from that in which I made my appearance, some seventy-five years ago, that when you read my description of my world, you will no doubt wonder how I managed to get thru. You are coming into a world that has railroads and street cars and telephones and telegraphs and automobiles and flying machines and Sunday papers. You have electric lights and gas, bathrooms and sewage, and furnace heat of various kinds, pianos and piano-players, and rugs, to say nothing of electric carpet cleaners. You have baby carriages that fold up, dolls that can talk, washing machines and sewing machines run by electricity. Your ironing is done by an electric iron, and, for all I know, you may be having all your cooking done by electricity.

When I was born, we had none of these things; at least there were none in our neighborhood. They had railroads of a very primitive sort "down east," and also steamboats as primitive. I never saw a railroad till I was twelve years of age; never rode on a railroad train till I was eighteen. You will think that your great-great-grandfather and great-great-grandmother lived in a very primitive way. So they did; but they lived happily and reared a large family of children, none of whom except myself, however, lived to be thirty.

I am writing these letters for your information, that you may know these matters in detail; not for your information solely, but because I wish you to realize that you would not have had the comforts you have, and the opportunities, educational and otherwise, that you now enjoy, unless the people who lived in my day had faced the difficulties and endured successfully the trials and hardships of that day; and it is important for you to know the steps by which the world has made progress, giving you the advantages and opportunities which you now enjoy.

The progress of civilization has been slow but fairly steady. Each generation is apt to look back upon the past one as slow, old-fogyish and out of date, forgetting that they are indebted to these seemingly slow-going people for the privileges they themselves enjoy. It will not do for one generation to put on airs and imagine that they are the only people, and that wisdom will die with them. We owe a great deal to our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers. You are enjoying luxuries which kings and queens, with all their wealth and power, could not possibly have secured two hundred years ago.

I want you to see how civilization has developed slowly but surely, step by step, thru toil, privation, struggles, victory sometimes, and again partial defeat, but, on the whole, making a gradual advance. I wish you to realize also that with all their disadvantages, people were just about as happy in those early days as you are now or ever will be; that neither education nor wealth nor improvements nor comforts nor conveniences can change to any great extent the fundamental problems of existence; that nothing blesses except right living, which may be summed up in faith in the Supreme Being, and following our Savior's rule with regard to our treatment of our fellowmen. In short, the sum of all human duty, as stated by Moses thousands of years ago: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy might," and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," applies alike under the highest civilization and under the most primitive conditions. (You may think I am sermonizing. So I am; I rather like it.) I must now tell you something about the life of my childhood.

Your great-grandfather,

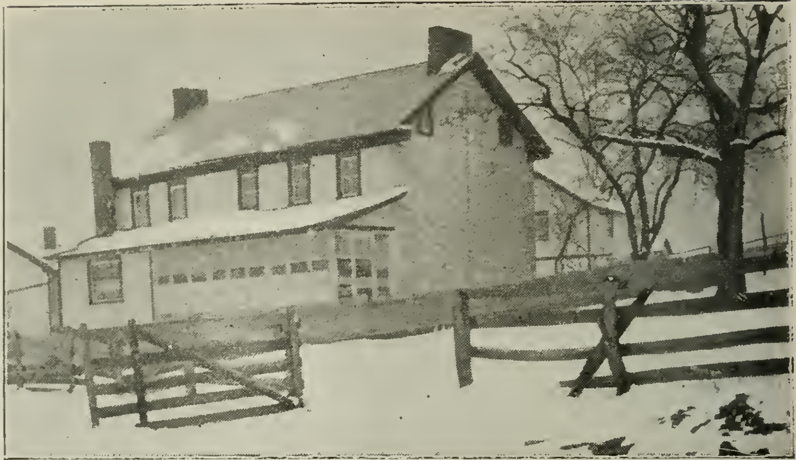
Henry Wallace.

My Childhood Home

IF you will take a map of Pennsylvania, and find Pittsburgh, at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, and then follow up the latter to its junction with the Youghiogheny river (an Indian name, pronounced as if it were spelled Yo-ho-gan'-ny); then follow that, you will find West Newton, anciently called Robb's Town, because the site was owned by a man named Robb. When the whisky rebellion broke out—of which I may tell you more hereafter—the soldiers burned all his fences, and he laid out a town which was afterwards called West Newton. Well, five miles up the river from that (and a very crooked river it is), you will find a station called Fitzhenry, which in my boyhood, before the railroad came, was called Port Royal; and a mile from there, out in the country toward West Newton, was my father's home and farm—three miles from the latter place if you rode or drove; two if you walked.

It was at first an exceedingly heavily timbered country—white oak, sugar trees, black walnut; but my great-grandfather or his brother—I don't know which—came out there about the time of the Revolutionary War, and with an ax chipped the bark off a number of trees surrounding the land he wanted to occupy, and thus became the owner of the farm or farms. A very crooked outline it was. As I recollect it, there were thirteen corners to the part my father afterwards owned—for the old fellow wanted just about all the kinds of land there were in that county. There was some sugar tree land on the north side of the farm; some limestone land, which grew great white oaks, in the middle: and then some rich bottom land as well. They had a funny way of describing lands in those days. The deed would run something like this: Beginning at the white oak, running so many rods north and so many west to a black-jack, then changing the direction and going on to a sugar tree, and so on around until the place of beginning, adjoining the lands of so-and-so.

Each farm had a name. For example, my father's farm was



Ross Home, Built in 1805, Girlhood Home of Uncle Henry's Mother.

called Spring Mount, because there was a spring where he built his house. My grandfather's farm was named Finleyville, because he married a daughter of "old man Finley," who entered the land, comprising both farms. In taking up land in this way, some strips were missed. We had a neighbor who entered a piece of land thus missed, belonging to the state of Pennsylvania, not to the national government. It was a long piece along the Youghiogheny river, which we called the River Hill, perhaps eighty rods long, and containing fifteen acres. The man who entered it was one Jacob Budd, who gave it the name of "Jacob Budd's Bag String—All Hill and No Hollow."

The houses and barns were mostly built of logs, altho in my childhood they had begun to build the former of brick and stone. The house in which I was born was of logs. I remember it well, and I date a number of the events of my childhood from that old house. It was torn down in 1847, the year in which my grandfather and grandmother died, shortly after their home, on the next farm, was struck by lightning. I was then eleven years old. I have associated the earlier events with the old house. So that everything I mention as occurring in that house, occurred before I was eleven years old; and after-events were associated with the new house, which was built in that year.

This old house was built of logs hewed on two sides, and, as we said chinked and daubed. The chinks, that is, pieces of wood, were put in where the logs did not fit, on the two unhewn sides, and then

it was daubed with yellow clay, wet and tramped so as to make a very stiff mortar. This house was 32x34 feet, with a hallway thru it from east to west. It was two stories high, with the stairway at the west end of the hall, thus narrowing the hall, which ended in a small porch on the west side and a larger porch on the east. On the north were two bedrooms—one for visitors, the other for father and mother.

The part of the house that interested me was the kitchen and living-room, and what interested me most was the chimney. It began at one corner, widened out about one-third of the way at one end, then retraced the width a third, and then tapered off to the other corner, being about five feet deep in the middle. In this were two great fireplaces, one in the kitchen and one in the living-room, each of which would take in a log about four feet long. This chimney was built of stones picked up over the place, what you would call boulders; and the mortar was apparently the same yellow clay mentioned before.

In the kitchen chimney was a crane, on which pots were hung, for my mother did her cooking over this fire. There were no furnaces, no hot-water systems, no steam, no stoves. I remember my excitement when I heard that my father had gone to the store to buy a cook stove. I did not know what a cook stove looked like; but I expected to see him coming up the lane carrying it, and was surprised to find that he had to bring it in the wagon.

We children slept upstairs, for one of the downstairs bedrooms must be the "spare" room for the preacher or friends who might come. There was no heat in that room of ours, and on a cold morning we thought it a great luxury to gather up our clothes and scoot down and dress by that great big, roaring hickory fire in the living-room; and you may be sure we had good appetites when we went out into the kitchen for breakfast. As I remember it, there were no carpets when I was little; afterwards there was a rag carpet in the bedroom.

There was a clock, the kind you know as "grandfather's clock." A very leisurely old clock it was. It ticked very slowly, quite differently from the Seth Thomas clock which my father purchased—I presume when I was about eight years of age—for which he paid fourteen dollars, and which can now be bought for three or four. The surprising thing was that the same peddler sold exactly the same kind of a clock to one of our neighbors for twenty-one dollars, and to another for twenty-eight. These two afterwards regarded him as a great cheat, while my father congratulated himself on getting a great bargain.

We tore the chimney out of this old house in 1847, and used the stone for the foundation of the new house; and I remember that the table for the hands who were building the new house was set where the old chimney had been, and it seated about twelve or fifteen people. So you may know it was something of a chimney, and you will not be surprised at my being greatly interested in it. My father had me help to wheel the plaster out of this chimney into a rather low place on one side of the large yard, and I was surprised to find that in the course of a year this pile of mortar was covered over as thick—as we used to say—as the hair on a dog's back, with ground ivy, the same plants that ladies use in their hanging baskets, but a most vile weed on the farm. It will be a vile weed on rich land in the west, if farmers are not careful. The only way I have ever been able to account for this—as the weed did not grow on the drier land on which the house was built—was that this weed seed had remained in the mortar for the sixty years in which that chimney stood, and then grew when the moisture, the heat and the air were all supplied. The mortar was evidently made from the clay subsoil of the bottom part of the farm, where this weed was always a great pest.

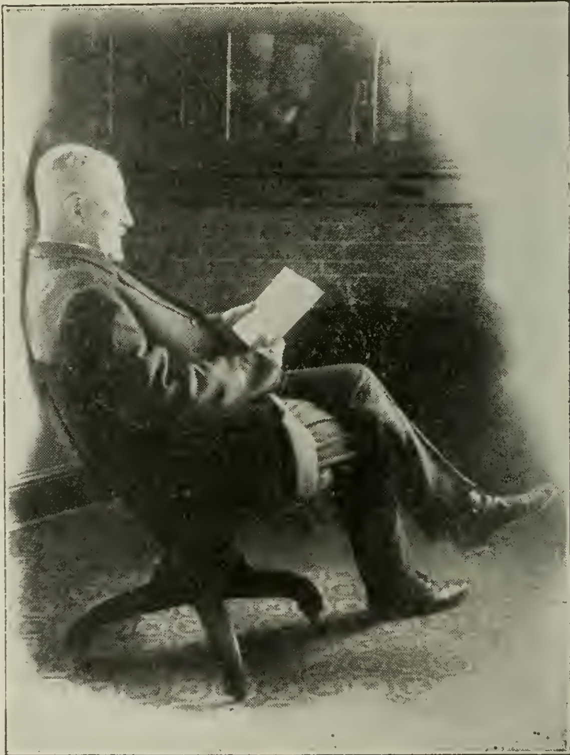
The furnishings in this house were very simple. The plain chairs were home-made and unpainted, some of them with splint bottoms, that is, bottoms woven by taking splints of hickory and weaving them in the desired shape and size. These were exceedingly comfortable, and I find myself wishing I had one of them now. The cradle in which the nine of us were all rocked was a very primitive affair of oak—home-made. When the later children were born, and I had to rock the cradle, I used to think the rockers were worn; but it was probably the unevenness of the floor. I am very sorry that the cradle was sold at my father's sale, many years afterwards, and if I can find out, on one of my trips east, who has it, I shall certainly buy it, so that you children may see what kind of a cradle your great-grandfather was rocked to sleep in.

We had no fly-screens in those days, no netting or screen doors, and my mother used to cut strips of paper and fasten them around above the windows and the fireplace. I don't know what it was for, unless to make a roosting-place for the flies, or perhaps for ornament. There was no canned fruit in those days, but we had dried fruit in plenty. It was run on threads and hung up around the fireplace, and in time ornamented with fly-specks. It is small wonder that consumption was common in that section, for the fly did not wipe his feet then any more than he does now. The corn and apples were dried out-of-doors.

What We Ate in the Forties

YOU may wonder how we lived in the forties. Fine; quite as well as you do, altho we did not have so many fancy things in that old house. We had elegant cream from the spring-house. I must tell you about that spring and spring-house. In that part of the country, houses were built near springs. The cattle, as they roamed thru the woods, knew where the springs were, and made paths to them; and, naturally, when the roads were laid out, they followed the cow-paths. A spring came out of a ledge of rock about twenty feet lower than our house. Hence, all the water for drinking purposes or use in the house had to be carried in buckets uphill from that spring. There was a log spring-house there, and the water passed from the spring into this spring-house, then thru broad stone troughs in which the shallow milk crocks were set and covered with board covers, into the horse trough on the south side. The cream was skimmed off, and put in another crock, and set back in the water. (My! how thick that cream was—almost like pan-cakes.) So, when we came to the table, we had milk such as you do not get from the creamery, and cream that was cream—cream that made the coffee taste just right. The coffee was bought by the sack, green, and then roasted in a skillet, as I happen to know, because I used to have to stir it. So there was no adulterated coffee, nor blue milk, nor milk masquerading as cream at our house.

Then we had ham and breakfast bacon, tho we did not call it that; spare-ribs and sausage, home-made; none of your half beef and half pork, but genuine pork sausage, seasoned according to mother's taste, with garden herbs picked green and carefully dried, for she always saw to that. In the winter we had beef, and always first-class bread—not the bread that the baker furnishes, nor the bread that you bake in the range oven, but bread baked in the out-oven. This oven had a brick foundation; and the top was made of mortar, not from lime and sand, but of clay, with cut straw, and tramped until you could mold it like potter's clay. This oven was



Henry Wallace, in His Study, 1914, Dictating From Personal Memoranda the Letters to His Great-grand Children.

heated up with what we called oven-wood, or dry old rails split up, until the whole oven was hot. Mother knew by putting in her hand when it was right. Then the coals were all raked out, and the bread put in after it was properly raised. When the bread was done to a turn, it was taken out, and the pies and cakes and tarts put in. We had good feeding at all times.

In the winter we had buckwheat cakes and maple syrup and fried mush. The mush was made of corn that was picked just after it had glazed; then kiln dried in the oven after the pies were taken

out; then ground at a neighboring mill. The pot was put on in the fireplace in the afternoon, and the corn meal, after being properly sifted, was put in little by little, stirring all the time. Often I had to do the stirring, and was not allowed to quit until it had a certain consistency, shown by the way the bubbles came—just right—slowly and with difficulty, each bubble finally emitting a jet of steam. We usually had this mush for supper. Mother said it made us sleep well. Then the next morning we had fried mush. I wish I could get such fried mush now! With maple syrup and our good butter, it was a breakfast fit for a king.

Altho we did not have canned fruit, we had many kinds of preserved fruit. When my great-grandfather or his brother entered on the farm, along about 1780, or nearly sixty years before I was born, one of the first things he did after the land was cleared and the logs burned, was to plant out an orchard. These trees were all seedlings, and hence in the whole orchard there were no two of a kind. They were mostly summer and fall apples, some sweet; and I remember one tree on which the apples were so sour that we called them "vinegar" apples. In those early years there was a famine of winter apples with us, and for two reasons: First, there were not many of them, and, second, we had no cellar. Hence, the apples had to be kept in pits, and it was not safe to open the pit until about March. Fortunately, we had one tree which we called the winter apple tree, the fruit of which was not fit to eat until about that time, and it kept splendidly up until corn planting time.

We usually loaded up a wagon with apples along in the fall, took them to a neighbor's, who had a cider mill, and had them made into cider on the shares. Then there was usually a gathering of the neighbors for what was called an apple-butter boiling. The girls pared the apples, and the boys came in the evening to make the apple butter. It was not such apple butter as you folks buy, but the genuine old-fashioned sort, made with cider and the best apples. It kept all winter, and we could have all we wanted. It took a lot of stirring to keep that apple butter from scorching.

Then we had peaches—some early and some late; but unless a frost killed them, there were plenty of them. There were pears also, some of the trees dating back to the first opening of the country, some sixty years. Some of these pear trees are no doubt living yet. Some I know lived until they were over a hundred years old. We had a pear on our place that was called the choke-pear, because it was not very good to eat, and when we tried to swallow a bite, there was a sort of choking sensation. Still, if we gathered up

these pears and hid them away in the hay-mow for about a month, they were pretty fair eating.

We had plums, too, and quinces; not such green-looking truck as you buy in the stores in the west, but great, big, yellow fellows, as hard as a rock. If you folks have never eaten preserves made of this sort of quinces, you have missed something out of your lives for which an automobile ride will not make up. Then we had blackberries. We did not buy them by the quart, as you do, in boxes that do not hold a quart, and that are hauled hundreds of miles. In fact, we did not buy them at all, but just took a bucket and went to the blackberry thicket and gathered all we wanted—a whole bucketful. We youngsters were wise in the way of picking blackberries. We did not take the sort that grow on the tall canes, but another sort, which I have never found since—black, juicy fellows, that grew on a medium-sized bush, and seemed to prefer shade. They just melted in the mouth. O, my!

Our farm was not suited to watermelons; but we grew muskmelons and sweet potatoes. My mouth waters yet when I think of those sweet potatoes, just before they were ripe, boiled, and then covered over with chicken gravy. After we moved into the new house, the neighbors used to come in after supper, and about ten o'clock they would have a good meal, the children having been sent to bed. We older children used to lie awake till the folks had gone into the parlor, and then slip down and eat what was left—sometimes not much, to our great grief and disappointment.

Not knowing anything about canning fruit, my mother used to make jellies and jams and preserves and butters. When company came, there would be a half a dozen different kinds set out on the table, of which everyone must taste, and always with good, thick cream. If you imagine for a moment that we did not live just as well in those days as you do now, you are greatly mistaken.

Everything was cheap. I remember how, before my grandmother died, she hired me one summer to carry her eggs to the store, promising me "something nice" in the fall. I remember they were only six cents a dozen; and one of my early disappointments grew out of that contract with my grandmother. When I took down the last basket of eggs, and went after my reward, my heart was set on a four-bladed pen-knife, of which the price was thirty-five cents. My grandmother thought it was altogether too much, and what she gave me was a one-bladed Barlow, which cost either eight or ten cents—I don't remember which—but I know I thought it rather mean of her. I never liked my grandmother so well afterwards; but after she died, I magnanimously forgave her.

I forgot to speak of our cherries. We had plenty of them—fourteen trees, as I remember—big trees, as big around as the body of an eighteen-year-old boy; trees that you could climb into, climb up near the top and reach out to get the last ripe cherries; big, black cherries, which we thought better than all the rest, because there would be no more till the next year; cherries that the woodpeckers and robins had left. As we could not use the fruit of fourteen cherry trees, my father had half of them cut down, and still we had cherries for ourselves and cherries for the neighbors who would undertake to pick them on the shares. Sometimes mother thought they did not give her a square deal.

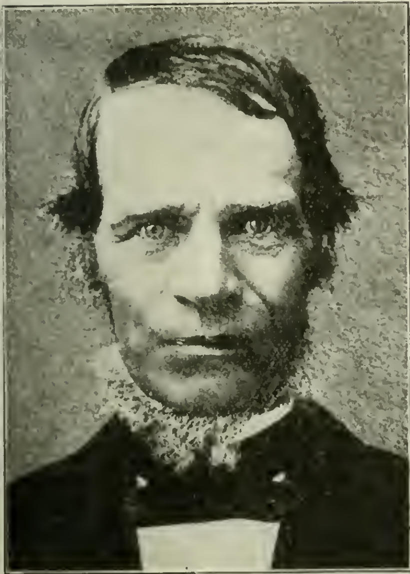
Then there was a berry which I have not tasted since boyhood—the dewberry—which grew wild in that section, especially on the thinner soils. They were luscious fellows, few on a bush, and happy was the boy who found them. We had another wild fruit—the mulberry; not the little Russian mulberry that we have in the west, but quite a different sort. It grew into a tree of considerable size; the timber was a favorite wood for making the old-fashioned up-and-down churn, exercise on which was the bane of the small boy's existence. Like all the other fruits, they were seedlings, and varied greatly. Some were small and rather hard; others were long and fine in flavor, in fact, delicious. Of course, every boy had his favorite among the mulberry trees, which grew here and there on almost every farm.

My People

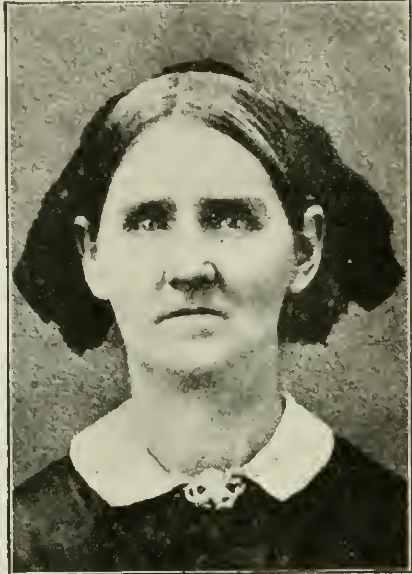
MY father, John Wallace, was a Scotch-Irishman, or an Ulster-Scott, as the Scotchmen who moved over into the north of Ireland are sometimes called. He was born in the County Antrim, in Ireland, in 1805, and came to this country in 1832, about four years before I was born. The family had migrated from the ancestral home in County Ayrshire, Scotland, about 1680.

I wish I could describe my father so that you could see him as I remember him—now dead for forty years. He was just my height (scant six feet), and of the same build. His plug hat, when fitted to his head by a hatter, exactly fitted my head. When I was grown, I could wear his boots. I judge that we weighed about the same at the same age. He never reached my present weight of nearly two hundred. His matured weight was about 175. He was dark complexioned. In his youth, his hair was almost jet black, and very thick, but it turned gray early, and was quite thin when I was a young man. He shaved his upper lip and his cheeks, and let the rest of his beard grow. His nose was very prominent. His countenance was rather stern, except when listening to or telling a good story. His eyes were gray. When pleased, they beamed in a way that made one happy all over; but when displeased, they bored into one as tho they would bring to light every secret thought. He ruled his family with those eyes. He never really whipped any of us, but had a trick of tapping our ears with the tips of his fingers.

He was very quiet; thought a great deal, but said little, often giving his conclusions without giving his reasons. His eyes, rather than his tongue, told us how much he loved us. He had a fairly well developed sense of humor. He enjoyed a good, clean story and a good laugh, which shook his frame at the beginning, ending in a wreath of smiles gradually growing fainter, as tho he regretted to part with the pleasurable sensation.



John Wallace, Father of Henry Wallace.



Martha Ross Wallace, Mother of Henry Wallace

He was deeply religious, but said little about it. He was very orthodox in his belief, but wonderfully tolerant in practice. I never heard him pray except with the family. I never heard of him making a speech, and I think he never wrote anything for publication; but he was a man of commanding influence in the community. He was so generally recognized as being upright and honest and fair-minded, that he became a sort of oracle in the neighborhood, and the neighbors came to him for advice, and sometimes for the settlement of disputes and difficulties. He never volunteered advice unasked. He had a horror of debt. My father sometimes speculated, but when he did he always bought whatever he was dealing in, and paid for it, so it was really more investing than speculating.

Taking into account the circumstances and conditions, I think I never knew a better farmer. He bought a farm of which the cleared part was badly run down, and which needed drainage. He redeemed it by the use of lime and clover and feeding live stock. I think he was the first man west of the Allegheny mountains to use tile. I will tell more about his farming in later letters.

He was never very rugged in health, due, so my mother told me, to a sunstroke in his early years, and to an injury which he in-

curred in wrestling when a boy in Ireland. His later years were full of sorrow. In the last nine years of his life there never was a day when some member of the family was not suffering from a disease from which all knew he could not recover. As one after another was carried to the grave, my father's health and spirit failed him, and he died in his sixty-seventh year, apparently from a general breakdown.

My mother was a Ross (Martha), and was born on an adjoining farm. She must have been very beautiful when young. She ruled my father completely, but the good man never suspected it. She knew how to humor him when he needed humoring, and how to intercede for the children when they had offended. I never heard in all my life a word of dispute or difference between my father and mother; and this, as you will find out after a while, can be truthfully said of very few couples. She habitually looked on the bright side of things, which I think is one reason why she was such an excellent mate for my father, whose habit of concentration of mind led him to take not exactly a somber view of things, but often a more serious view than the circumstances warranted.

My mother was a very devout woman. She always attended church, and saw to it that we attended, and that we learned our Catechism and many of the Psalms. I remember trying to fool her by repeating a short one which I had learned once before, but she detected me in it. She caught me in a good many scrapes of one kind and another, mostly trifling things, but I always had a good excuse to offer, in the main true. She said one day that I had such a knack of getting out of things, that she thought I had better be a lawyer. She had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a certain amount of Irish blarney. Her life was cheerful and happy, considering the sorrow of burying all her children but two. Her ability to see the funny side, and her optimism, enabled her to endure things which crushed the life out of my father.

My Grandfather Ross was also a Scotch-Irishman, and from the same section of Ireland as my father. I do not remember much about him, as he died when I was but eleven years old. I remember more about my Grandmother Ross. She was twenty years younger than her husband. What interested me most in her were the stories she used to tell about Indians when I was a little chap, about blockades and forts, and the whisky rebellion. She used to tell about her father, a Finley, who came over the mountains, and how everything had to be carried over in pack-saddles, as there were no roads then—only trails; and how people lived in those days, when western Pennsylvania was a great forest, with deer and wolves and

bears and Indians roaming around. I used to hear about the great Indian fighters, and especially about Major Brady and "Mad Anthony" Wayne.

There were no railroads in those very early days, and people had a hard time to get money. In fact, about the only way they knew of to get it was to distill their grain into whisky, float it down the Youghiogheny to the Monongahela, then into the Ohio, then into the Mississippi, and down the Mississippi to New Orleans. From there they would go around by boat to New York or Philadelphia. I have a piece of cane somewhere, given me by one of my uncles, who said it was given to his father on one of these trips.

So, while things may seem to you to have been very crude in my childhood, they were very much advanced as compared with the conditions which prevailed in my grandfather's day. The people of this generation owe much to the generation which preceded them, but the people of my childhood owed quite as much to the generation that came before us.

First came the trail over which the advance guard of civilization came on pack horses. Then came the turnpike built with national aid, about which I will tell you more in another letter. Then, when I was about twelve, came a railroad, a very primitive affair compared with railroads now—but still a railroad. In fact, in my childhood days, much of the pioneer work had been done. Those great forests had for the most part been cleared. Some of the fields had been farmed so long that they were said to be worn out. For the story of the worn-out farm is not a modern one; it is very ancient. The farmers who first cleared up the land and built the first homes, did a good deal of fishing and hunting. Their children followed their example, and it was only in the next generation that they really began to farm properly.

It used to be one of the delights of my life to visit my Grandfather Ross. They lived first in a log house, much like the one in which I was born; but when I made the first visit that I can recollect, they lived in a big stone house, and had a big stone barn, both of which must have been wonders when they were built. I noticed when I was back there last that the date on the house was 1805, as shown by the inscription on the stone—not, as you would expect, near the foundation, but up near the roof. When I visited them in my boyhood, my grandfather was a very old man, between eighty and ninety, and very quiet. My grandmother, twenty years younger, was more lively, in fact, very lively for her age. (She lived only two months after his death.)

If I had anything new to show to my grandmother, I was sure

to go over across the fields that same evening. It was only a hundred rods across. They lived with a son who was a wonderful story-teller. When I was older, he gave me a book of fables—I think the name of the author was Polyphetus, or some such name—stories of the ancient gods, in which I was greatly interested.

But what interested me most was a dog that would get up on my uncle's knees every evening, and he would pretend to shave him with his pen-knife. The dog would move his chin around, looking as tho it was the pleasure of his life. When my older sister and I would come in, he would bark at us fiercely in the hall, and when we went away, he would amuse himself by chasing us out.

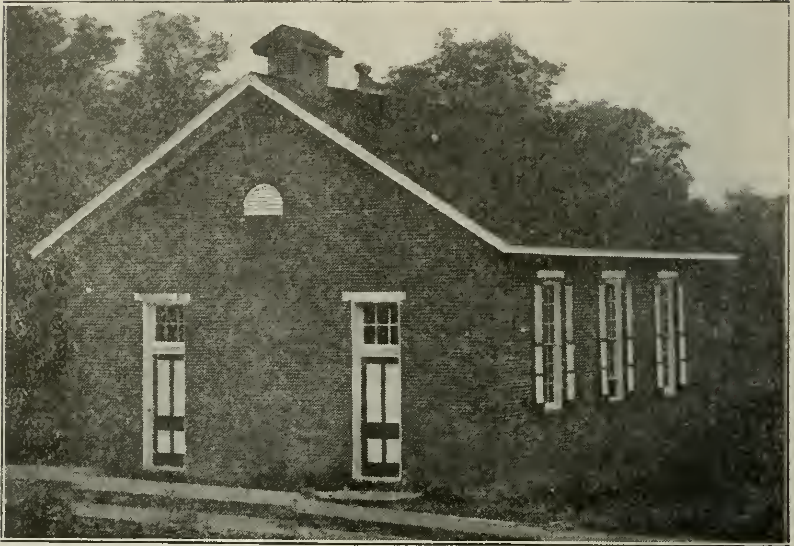
My Uncle Billy had a larger dog, of which my remembrance is not so pleasant. When he was a puppy, I used to like to plague him by poking a stick in his kennel. When I was about ten, my sister had the measles, and I was sent over to my grandfather's to get some wall-ink, which was a kind of herb that grew in moist places, a mint of some sort. The dog was watching for me, and as I went up onto the porch, ran up without barking, bit me, and then ran off, as tho he knew he had done a mean trick. I did not realize that I was hurt until the blood ran down my leg. I was taken home, and held on a chair by my father, while old Granny Finley, a neighbor, sewed up the wound with a needle and thread. I vowed vengeance on her, but afterwards forgave her, as I did my grandmother for putting me off with a one-bladed knife. She meant it for my good. This left a scar on that knee, just above the kneecap, about an inch and a half long, which I am still carrying with me. Dogs, like men, have long memories, and—also like men—they seem to be conscious of it when they do a mean thing. I vowed I would kill that dog, but I didn't, and we came to be good friends after he had gotten even with me.

The Old-Fashioned School

I REMEMBER the old schoolhouse well, tho I do not remember when I began to attend. My mother told me that I began before I was four years old, being carried on horseback, and that I then knew my letters, that I had learned them without any aid, and had learned them upside down. I suspect she was disposed to brag a little on her oldest son when she said that; for I have been about a printing office for thirty-five years, and I am not now able to read type. As you know, the letters in type are upside down; and if I had learned my alphabet upside down, surely I ought to be able to read type that way today. So I am inclined to think that she tried to make me out a good deal smarter than I really was. That seems to be rather a common failing of mothers.

The schoolhouse stood on the corner of our farm, adjoining a strip of timber. It was built of logs, after the manner of our house and the spring-house—unhewn logs, chinked and daubed with common clay, tramped until it was thoroly puddled. As I remember it, the schoolhouse was about 18x24 (possibly 20x30), and of one room.

In the center was a round stove, made of iron, with a flat top bigger than the stove, an ash-pan below, and near the bottom a hole for the poker, and, of course, a door to put in the coal. On three sides of the stove were what were called the "little benches," sawed boards, with rough legs stuck into holes bored into the boards. In my later school years, pine backs were put on these benches, so the little folks could lean back. These little benches all faced the stove. Then, on three sides, attached to the wall, was a narrow board, perhaps four to six inches wide, and on this the ink bottles rested. Attached to that board was a board from twenty inches to two feet wide, slanting a little toward the seat in front of it, and supported from below. The seats were a curiosity. They were made of oak slabs, with the sawed side up and the bark side down, with holes bored in the under side for the rough wooden legs.



The New Building Which Later Took the Place of the Old Log School House.

On these, we larger pupils sat, with our faces to the wall, when we "wrote our copies" or "did our sums," and with our backs to it when reading aloud.

The teacher had a platform at the east end of the room, and his desk was on this platform, where he could see every pupil. Behind him there was usually a fine collection of switches, of which the beech was the favorite. The switches lay on some wooden pins driven into the wall, all ready for use; and they were used on any reasonable pretext. The wraps were put up on shelves attached to the inside of the room above the big writing desk. The girls sat on one side of the room, and the boys on the other and at the end, for there usually were not enough girls to fill more than one side.

There was one door to this schoolhouse—at the east end and to the left of the teacher's desk; and by the side of it was a hole in the wall, in which there was a piece of iron called a "pass." No one could leave the room unless the pass was in this hole. When a pupil wished to leave, he took the pass with him, and no one else could go until the pass was returned to its place. There was a water bucket and dipper, and it was a treat for two of us to get special permission to go to the spring, some forty rods away, and get a pail of water. It was surprising how long it took us sometimes to get this water.

The books were of the most primitive sort. The very small children had no books at all, but a broad paddle, such as we used in playing town-ball—a piece of six-inch pine board, whittled down at one end to a handle. The parents cut out the letters from newspapers and pasted them onto this paddle—first the capital letters and then the smaller letters beneath them. You can see that a child could not very easily spoil such a book as that; and if he kept awake, these letters were usually before him.

A
In Adam's Fall,
We sinned all.

B
Thy life to mend,
This Book attend.

C
The Cat doth play,
And after slay.

D
A Dog will bite,
A thief at night.

E
An Eagle's flight
Is out of sight.

F
The idle Fool,
Is whipped at school

A Page of the Old School Primer Used by Uncle Henry.

For the class next above, there was Webster's Spelling Book. Then came the New England Primer, with some illustrations in the form of very crude wood-cuts. Much of this primer was made up of Bible quotations, and in the back of it was the Shorter Catechism. In a neighborhood in which Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterian children were in the majority, we were drilled in this Shorter Catechism on Saturday afternoons. Then followed the First, Second and Third Readers, ending with the English Reader, which was rather strong meat, containing many quotations from such books as Locke on The Understanding. It comprised one of the best selections of literature that I have ever read.

My mother went to this same school, and read out of the same English Reader that I used, and it was her brother's before her. I don't know how many others of the family studied from it. It was substantially bound in leather, and its good state of preservation was due largely to the fact that we were all obliged to use "thumb papers"—that is, we took a piece of paper and put it under the thumb when holding the book, so that we might not soil it or wear out the edges of the leaves.

The arithmetic in use was the Western Calculator. I have studied this book somewhat carefully in later years, and it is a puzzle to me how any person ever learned arithmetic out of it. Mental Arithmetic came in during my last days at school; also

Ray's Arithmetic. We had no blackboard until about the time I left this school. We "did our sums" on our slates and showed them to the teacher.

The grammar was Kirkham's, with definitions of the parts of speech, rules, etc. I doubt whether it did us much good. We don't learn English thru grammar, but thru reading good English; and it is a question with me whether there is any real advantage in teaching grammar to young folks until the later years of their school life.

The pride of the school, however, was the spelling class, the last thing in the afternoon. We were great on spelling. It was a great honor to spell down the school on Friday afternoons; and great was the glory to the champion speller who could win in contests with adjoining districts, or become the champion speller of the township.

As to writing, the teacher gave us pot-hooks, then "set us the copy" in our copy-books, which were made of sheets of foolscap or some other large-sized ruled paper, fastened together. This was before the day of steel pens, and the pens we used were made of goose quills. One of the duties of the teacher was to make these pens and teach us how to make them; and his ability in this line was one of the evidences of a good teacher. I remember well my first lesson in writing, or rather in making pot-hooks. I thought I was doing finely, but the teacher, looking over my shoulder, was not of that opinion; but gave me a box on the ear and a scolding, which discouraged me to such a great extent that I have never been able to write a hand that anybody else could read with any certainty that they read it right—a sad case of the untimely suppression of budding aspirations!

We had a funny way of studying geography, or at least of learning the names of the states and their capitals. We sang them, commencing:

> "Maine, Maine—Augusta, Augusta;
> New Hampshire, New Hampshire—Concord, Concord;
> Connecticut, Connecticut—Hartford and New Haven"

and so on thru. One thing is certain, we enjoyed this geography lesson. It was, in fact, great fun for the whole school together, and we never forgot either the states or their capitals, tho just where they were located would have to be discovered on the map.

There was no other singing in the school in those days, and no devotional exercises except an occasional reading of the Bible and

the Catechism in the schools where the Scotch Presbyterian element predominated. This was finally discontinued in our school, because most of the pupils were Pennsylvania Dutch, and many of the youngsters could not speak English at all when they first came, altho they learned it with amazing readiness. There was an intermission of an hour at noon, when we played town-ball, baseball, and three-cornered cat, besides such games as drop the handkerchief and ring-around-a-rosy, in which the girls joined, and some of the smaller boys.

I have a distinct recollection of three of my teachers. My first teacher was an uncle of mine, of whom I have no recollection whatever. The next I have good reason to remember. His name was Billy Clemons, a man of medium size, with but one eye, who had the unfortunate habit of getting drunk occasionally—perhaps once a month. There was a tradition among the boys that he had another eye concealed somewhere in the back of his head. When drunk, his pet amusement was to torment and badger and nag the best boys in the school, and the head of the spelling class was sure to end up at the foot. It was my ambition to stand at the head of the spelling class, and I trembled when I saw him coming down the lane with his drunken swagger, for I knew I was destined to go to the foot that day. But what hurt me most was that he would leer at me with his one eye and say: "Henry, you are a pretty smart boy, but you know it!" Inasmuch as most of the parents took an occasional nip at the "O, be joyful," they tolerated old Billy, notwithstanding this failing of his, because of his real ability as a teacher; and he taught our school for a number of years.

The next teacher was named Harrison Markle, or "Miracle," as he was usually called; and he surely was a wonder, if not a miracle. He had the funniest way of punishing both boys and girls that I ever heard of. One of his favorite methods with a boy was to make him run around the stove on all fours, and as he passed him each time, he applied the paddle. Another was to have four boys ride the offender on a rail. His way of punishing the girls was likewise ingenious. He had auger holes of different sizes bored in the logs, and when a girl committed a misdemeanor, he made her put her nose in an auger hole, the holes being adjusted to the height of the girls. He did not teach us very long, but he left a marked impression on our minds.

The fourth teacher I had was a man of good education, a student for the ministry, which he entered not long afterwards. I had quit the school after the reign of Markle, but went back under

Hargrave. He was one of those teachers who not only teach, but who inspire the pupil with the desire to learn.

There were no women teachers in those days. They came afterwards. The children in the school were all the way from four to twenty-one year old. Boys over fourteen largely dropped out at the advent of the woman teacher. For it is one of the principles of human nature that boys of this age don't have any particular liking for girls, and don't care to be taught by a woman, however radical may be the change in their attitude to the fair sex later, which my observation has shown to be quite a violent one.

Elementary as this teaching was, and absurd as it may seem to you, there was this about it: There were no fads in our education, no cramming. There was no kindergarten, no blackboard even. Our schooling was largely "the three R's"—reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic—with Spelling, and Spelling always with a capital "S." I am sure that those who attended that school could spell a great deal better than most of the children of today. I think it would be a fine thing if this spelling drill should be revived in our modern schools. The schools were in session nine months in the year, the largest attendance being during the winter season, when it reached fifty to sixty in our school.

I must not forget to mention one thing that was customary at these schools. We demanded a Christmas treat. The larger boys usually appointed a committee, who made the demand on the teacher in writing—so many bushels of apples, so much cider, so many pounds of candy. The teacher well understood that if this was not forthcoming, there would be a "barrin' out," which meant that on the last day of school before Christmas, the boys would take possession of the schoolhouse, lock the door, and refuse admission to the teacher. One teacher, Billy Clemons, having taken a little too much "tea" just before the demand was made, refused to treat. Finding the door locked, he got up in the attic in some way, and came down thru the trap-door; but he went out quicker than he came in. He learned wisdom for the next time. When teaching a neighboring school, and finding the door locked, he simply went away, saying: "There will be no more school this year," which, of course, there would not have been anyway, as it was the Christmas holidays.

I remember once coming home and announcing with great pride that I had "ciphered" all the way thru the arithmetic. Father was very glad to know it, and said he had a job for me, to find out whether I really knew anything about it or not. The next day he directed me to take down and measure a pile of boards which had

been accumulating for the new house, and tell him how many feet there were, board measure. The next night, I presented him with a rather astonishing lot of figures, at which he said, "Tut, tut!" I told him that that sort of a sum was not in the book. "What is the use of sending you to school to do sums in a book, if you can't do sums out of the book?" Then he told me I had better tackle the pile of boards the next day, and remember that some of them were six inches wide and some of them a foot wide, and see if I could not get a result somewhere near the truth. This, in fact, was a better lesson for me than any I had had in school for many a day.

The schoolhouse was not used solely for school purposes. It was open to the singing school teacher, who took up a subscription and then gave so many lessons. There was no musical instrument—simply a tuning fork; and it is needless to say that this singing school teacher was a very great man in the eyes of the small boys and girls.

Recreations

IN my boyhood days, amusements and recreations were somewhat limited—perhaps not more so, however, than in many rural communities today. There were some, however, that I am quite sure the boys and girls do not have now. For example, we had husking bees. The farmer who intended to give entertainment to the young folks of his neighborhood, by having a husking bee, snapped his corn, put it in a long pile, perhaps three feet high, three or four feet wide at the bottom, and coming to a point at the top. Then he invited in the boys. They chose two captains, who chose sides. They then divided the pile evenly, and the question was which side would get thru first. With the husking bee, there was usually something doing at the house, perhaps an apple paring or a quilting. After the work was done, there were "eatin's", and after that usually some dancing of the old-fashioned sort, and, of course, a fiddler. My father and mother regarded dancing as something which belonged to the unregenerate, and I never learned to dance. Possibly I was all the better for never learning.

The boys had more forms of amusement than the girls. One of the favorite sports in the fall of the year was 'coon hunting. If there was a pack of hounds, or even one or two hounds in the neighborhood, there was some real sport in hunting 'coons on a moonlight night, listening until the lead hound struck the trail, then waiting until the barking showed that they had treed the 'coon. Then came the interesting problem of how to get it down. It must be done either by climbing the tree—which was sometimes done—or by cutting it down. This we did if it was not too near the house, for some of the good old farmers regarded the cutting down of a 'coon tree or a bee tree as something verging on sacrilege. If the farmer was particularly irritable on this point, of course this was a good reason why we should irritate him. Such is the perversity of human nature. When the corn was in the roasting ear, it gave zest to the sport to "hook" some roasting ears from the field, build

a log fire, and roast them while the hounds were trailing another 'coon.

There was a good deal of recreation in the old-fashioned singing school. The teacher usually had three or four schools, which he conducted on different evenings of the week. This gave a chance for the boys and girls to get together. I do not know how much singing we learned; but I do know that about the only tunes I can sing to this day are those that I learned in the old singing school. One of the interesting things about singing school was taking the girls home; for of course they must not be permitted to go thru the woods alone. The boys usually got out first, and waited outside the door. Then when the girls came out, this was heard: "May I see you home?" or "Will you accept of my company?" Sometimes she gladly said yes, sometimes no, in which case he was said to have "got the mitten," and great was the glee of the other boys who overheard it, and much he had to endure afterwards.

There was one diversion in our neighborhood that we greatly enjoyed, and that was called "swabbing the river." The Youghiogheny is a rather narrow stream, with riffles where some harder and more enduring rocks come to the surface, every half mile or so, and between these riffles stretches of water several feet deep, and sometimes with deep and dangerous holes. We could "swab" the river only when it was low, in August. Farmers would say to their boys: Now, if you will get the manure hauled out, you may have a day's fishing. The boys cut grapevines and brush and made a rope about as thick as the body of a small horse, and stretched it across the river. In the meantime, another detachment had thrown up dams in a riffle leading into a pot. After the fish were scared into that pot by the swab, which frequently had rye straw fastened to its under side, they must themselves catch the fish by hand or with a net. Sometimes we caught many fish, at other times none or a very small number; but, fish or no fish, we had a fine day's sport, and had fine appetites for supper.

Where there was a sugar camp, or a sugar bush, as it is called, we had a good time during the month of February, when it came to "sugaring off," in which the boys and girls could take part. In spite of these things, as I look back over those days, I realize that the amount of recreation and amusement was pitifully small.

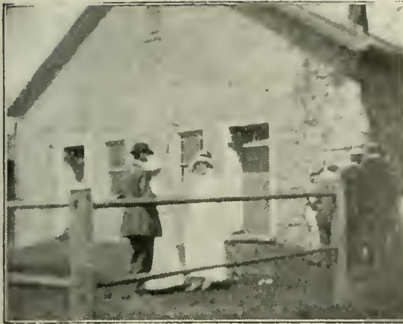
Sabbath Keeping

IN my younger days, the Sabbath was kept very strictly by families of all denominations, especially Presbyterians, and was observed generally with much greater strictness than now. In the family of the Presbyterian or United Presbyterian (then known as Associate Reformed Seceder), the children were expected to get out their Sunday clothes on Saturday evening, brush them, hang them over the back of a chair, black their shoes and the shoes of their parents—and those of the preacher if he happened to be there—and fill up the wood-box or coal-box. The girls were expected to grind the coffee and to do everything that could be done beforehand in preparing food for the Sabbath.

There was family worship in the morning, in many families every morning—a full family worship. A Psalm was sung, but there was no musical instrument accompanying it. In fact, there were no musical instruments in the house except perhaps a fiddle, the use of which on the Sabbath would have been deemed sacrilege of an aggravated character. A chapter in the Bible was read; and then came the long prayer, composed of much the same sentences day after day, but sometimes in a different order.

Then we went to church. We belonged to a country church six miles from the farm. There was never any question as to whether or not we should go. We went, no matter how cold it was, altho it was not expected of us that we start out in a drenching rain; better be late than get soaked. It would have to rain hard and long, however, to keep us from going to church.

The churches were constructed differently from the country church of today. There were four doors and three aisles—a door at each side, opening into a broad aisle in front of the pulpit, and two narrower aisles leading to the doors in the end opposite the pulpit. This was for communion purposes, of which more later. The pulpit was half-way up to the ceiling. Into this, ascent was made by a number of steps on each side. The structure of the pul-



The Old Stone Church at West Newton, Pennsylvania, Which Henry Wallace Attended as a Boy.

Henry Wallace in 1914 Visiting the Graves of His Parents and Brothers and Sisters at West Newton.

pit was about as high as an ordinary man's shoulders. A reading desk with everything open in front would have been regarded as a mark of lack of orthodoxy.

The services began with an invocation; then the reading of a Psalm, followed by an explanation fifteen or twenty minutes long. A Psalm was sung after that. There was no organ and no choir, only a precentor, or, as he was usually called, the "clark." He stood in front of the pulpit and gave out two lines at a time. Some of these precentors fell into the amusing habit of hitching the last note of the two lines sung to the next two lines, so that there was no perceptible break between the singing and the reading, which was intoning rather than reading. The tunes were limited to common and long meter, and no repeating was allowed. I have seen gray-haired elders go out in a rage because the "clark" who sang or "raised" the tune repeated the last line.

Then followed what was called the long prayer, anywhere from thirty to forty-five minutes long, in which the Power to whom prayer is offered received a great deal of instruction in Calvinistic theology. Then followed another Psalm and the exposition, or the Scripture or lecture, which was usually from an hour to an hour and a quarter in length. It covered part of a chapter. Then followed half an hour's intermission, and then came the sermon, which was from three-quarters of an hour to an hour long. We were by this time anxious to get home, it being somewhere between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, as we had had nothing to eat since breakfast except some little cakes, and were ready for a square meal.

Communion was observed twice a year, and called the spring

and fall communion. The Friday preceding was Fast Day, in which we were supposed to eat plain, simple food, and not too much of it. However, my mother never allowed her children to go very hungry. Fast Day was observed very much as the Sabbath, and much more strictly than the Sabbath is observed nowadays. There was usually one sermon on Saturday, at which "tokens" were distributed. You do not know what a token is? I can not tell you how it originated, but a token is a small piece of lead, or perhaps some other metal, about half an inch long, a quarter of an inch wide, and about half that thick, on which was stamped the name of the church. All "expecting" communicants, as they were called, came forward at the close of the sermon on Fast Day and received the token, which entitled the holder to a seat at the Lord's Table the next Sabbath. I presume this dates back some hundreds of years to the times of the persecutions in Scotland, when the Covenanters needed something by which to identify the members of different communities who wished to attend the communion services held in some out-of-the-way place, where there would be no danger of being molested by their persecutors.

Communion Sabbath was observed with extra strictness. It began in the usual order, but the sermon was called the "action" sermon, upon which the preacher was supposed to have done his best work. Then followed what was known as the debarment, which was an exposition of the Ten Commandments, warning all who were wilfully violating these in any particular not to come to the Lord's Table until they had repented of their transgressions and had sought forgiveness. The tables were simply long, narrow benches, covered with clean, white cloths, with a seat on each side, the minister standing at the head. The communicants came forward, singing the proper Psalm—for example:

"I love the Lord;
For He did hear my voice
And supplications all,"

"With sacrifice of thanks I'll go
And on Jehovah's name will call;
I'll pay my vows unto the Lord
Before His people all."

The minister then made an address before distributing the elements, which were passed down along the seats by the elders. In a large congregation there would be three or four tables, and the service would be very long. It was for this reason that communion

was held in the spring and fall, thus avoiding both the short days and the busy season. I know of few more solemn scenes than the approach to the communion tables in my boyhood days. There was something about leaving your seat, coming in at the foot of the table, and passing out at the other end after the service was over, which is entirely lacking where the communicants sit in the pews. There was a manifest relief on the way home from this tension.

One regular part of the Sabbath evening was reciting the Catechism. The boy of fourteen was supposed to be able to answer every question in the Shorter Catechism from beginning to end, which is the best and briefest compendium of Calvinistic theology with which I am acquainted. Very few boys tackled the larger Catechism. There were one hundred and seven questions in the shorter; how many in the larger I do not know, for I never got beyond the third or fourth commandment in that. As if this was not enough, the older boys were expected to know part of the confession of faith, and all the Psalms, one Psalm being committed each Sabbath. I remember how delighted I was when the Psalm for the day was a short one, and two of the Psalms which are almost alike were my delight. We did not always understand the catechism; and if we complained that we could not understand it, we were assured that it would come to us afterwards, which it did. I give it as my judgment to you young folks, that committing and reciting intelligently the Shorter Catechism is equal to a full year at school.

We had one religious paper, called The Preacher, which was theological and controversial, particularly in what were known as "distinctive principles." Besides that, our Sabbath reading was limited to a few books, for example, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, Boston's Fourfold Estate, Allein's Alarm to the Unconverted, Daubigne's History of the Reformation, somebody's Meditations Among the Tombs, which I never enjoyed. We usually went to bed early on Sabbath evening, and got up early Monday morning. The reading of secular books on the Sabbath was forbidden, and secular conversation discouraged. Still, I noticed that both in going home from church and on Sabbath evening, how easy it was to slip to the secular. For example, this on the way home from church:

"George, that's a fine field of wheat of Alex. Milligan's."

"It is."

"It will probably be fit to cut by the end of the week."

"Well, if the weather is fine, it may be; but probably it would be better to wait a few days longer."

"That ought to bring a dollar a bushel this year."

Thus the good men gradually veered off, and were soon talking of matters belonging to this world.

During the intermission, the boys did not always avoid worldly conversation, however. On my last trip to the old church, I reminded a gray-haired elder, who, when we were boys together, prided himself on riding a fine horse, a gray, of a conversation that ran something like this:

"That's a fine horse of yours, Jim. If it was not the Sabbath, what would you take for it?"

"I never trade on the Sabbath; but if was not the Sabbath, I would take a hundred and fifty."

"I never talk trade on the Sabbath, either; but if it was not the Sabbath, I would give you a hundred and forty."

"Come over and see me tomorrow."

How hard it is for any of us to live up to our ideals, or even our convictions!

While I did not enjoy reading Meditations Among the Tombs, it was not an uncommon practice for us young folks, during the intermission between services, to saunter into the church-yard and amuse ourselves reading the inscriptions. I am sorry that I can not remember any of them. The older form of tombstone was a broad slab of native stone, low, resting on and completely covering the grave; later, a form of marble placed upright. It was easier for us to read the inscriptions on the flat slabs, and, besides, they were convenient to sit down on. What was said in these "meditations among the tombs," I do not remember—and probably would not tell you if I did!

The New Barn

IT may interest you youngsters to know something about what kind of a barn your great-great-grandfather built, a few years after he married and settled down and began to get a bit ahead in the world. Fashions change. The hat or coat worn last year will be out of style this year. Fashions in barns change also; but there is a much more sensible reason for the change of fashion in barns than in clothes. Barns are built in every country, in every age, to suit the conditions, and the student of agriculture could, by studying a barn in any country, and in any age, however remote, make, from that study alone, a pretty accurate guess as to the agriculture of that country, just as the scientist, by finding a bone of some extinct animal, can piece out the rest of it and tell us what kind of an animal it was, what it lived on, and when. There was an old barn on the place when my father bought it—built of logs, and made to meet very primitive conditions. I remember seeing it once. In fact, it is one of the first things I can remember.

I have no distinct recollection of the building of the new barn; could not be expected to have, as I was only about three years old. It was built in 1839, the year my oldest brother was born. The foundation was 30x70, but the long beams projected out nine feet over the width of the barn, making what was called an overshot, a place where cattle could get in, and out of the wet, when it was not desirable to put them in the stable. It was of the bank type—that is, the east and north sides were partially underground, the bank being cut away from one to four feet. The object, I suppose, was to provide warmer quarters for the cattle in winter. The barn proper was divided the short way into four sections, a mow on the east and on the west, with loose boards for the floor, and two threshing floors in the center. The walls of the lower story or basement were of rock; and the entrance to the threshing floors was by a bank and a bridge.

This barn was built to last. It has now stood over seventy

The New Barn, Built of Oak and Maple in 1839, and Still Serviceable.

years, and, with the exception of needing re-shingling every twenty-five or thirty years, is apparently as good as ever. Roofs lasted longer then than now, for the reason that you could get better shingles, and for the further reason that they used iron nails instead of the miserable steel nails that rust out in a few years. Timber must have been cheap and plentiful when that barn was built, judging from the size of the great hewn logs used for beams and floor sills, else sills would have been placed on edge rather than on the flat side. There was enough good oak and sugar-tree timber in it to build two or three barns of like capacity.

You may wonder why my father built a large and expensive barn like this several years before he built a new house. Here is another illustration of the changes of fashion. My father deemed it necessary—and in this he did not differ from his thrifty Scotch-Irish and Pennsylvania Dutch neighbors—to build a large barn in order to save the grain crop from damage and to shelter the live stock, and thus lay the foundation of future prosperity. The new house could wait till afterwards; for in those days people were used to self-denial. Moreover, the size of the barn had something to do with the farmer's standing in the community. When a farmer in the next township built a barn a hundred feet long, some of the old fellows whose barns were only seventy feet long, thought that was

going a little too far, and rather suspected it was not all paid for, and the more so because he had for a weather-vane an enormous cow.

These great barns, when full of hay and grain going thru the sweat, were sometimes struck by lightning; and the first insurance company I ever heard of was a verbal agreement made between my father and a number of his neighbors to rebuild the barn of any one of them in case it was destroyed by lightning. None of them were ever struck, and hence the soundness of this novel insurance company was never tested; but I have not the slightest doubt but that the agreement would have been carried out. A man's word pledged to a neighbor in those days was a sacred thing, whether given as a pledge for the payment of money, for the fulfillment of an agreement or contract, or anything else.

Some of you youngsters, who are accustomed to seeing hay barns with a great door let down near the top, thru which the hay is lifted by horse power or gasoline engines, may wonder how we got the hay and grain into this barn, and also what need there was of two threshing floors. You probably do not know what a threshing floor is. The place to do the threshing, of course. This was done in two ways, with a machine, or in the old scriptural way, described in Isaiah, 28:27, except that in Isaiah's day the threshing was done by oxen, as in the days of Moses. You remember, Moses said: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn."

The machine was a very simple affair, an enclosed cylinder and concave driven by horse power, sometimes four horses, sometimes six, sometimes eight—the power being transmitted from the horse power outside to the machine inside by a tumbling rod. The sheaves were thrown out of the mow onto a table by the machine, and there unbound by hand, in order that the speed might not be checked by a knot passing thru the machine. They were fed into the machine, which was so located that the straw and grain were shot into a corner.

The hardest work would fall upon the man who stood at the tail of the machine and raked the straw away in a direction at right-angles to the machine. There were about five or six shakers, with forks, who passed the straw from one to the other, shaking it as they passed it out, until it reached the stackers on the outside of the barn. After running about three or four hundred sheaves thru the machine, it was necessary to stop and "cave up," that is, shove the grain that had accumulated to the far corner on the opposite side of the threshing floor.

Threshing was regarded as hard and dusty work. As the work

was done co-operatively, neighbors helped each other in turn. After I was fifteen, I had a good deal to do in "paying back," as my father choked up with the dust, and I went in his place. I rather liked it, because there was plenty of company (there was more isolation in farm life then than now), but mainly because the eating on those occasions was of the best. Nothing was regarded as too good for threshers. What fine eatings there were; and I suspect it tasted better in those days, because I never lacked an appetite. And then how handsome the girls looked as they waited on the table!

But why two threshing floors? Because the size of the barn necessitated it. My grandfather had a barn of the same type, but shorter; he had but one threshing floor in it, for the reason that he could pitch from either mow onto that threshing floor. This could not be done in a barn seventy feet long. The mows were at either end, each seventeen feet wide; and, to save time in pitching, each required a threshing floor adjacent, wide enough to store a day's threshing of grain.

The other way of threshing was tramping it out with horses. This method was not used with grain except to supply the family with flour until threshing could be done. For you must understand that in my early days we did not buy flour at the store, by the sack or barrel. When we wanted flour, a three-bushel bag was filled with wheat, thrown on the horse's back, a boy put on top, sent to the mill a mile away, and told to wait until the grist of grain was ground, and bring home the flour, bran and shorts, less the miller's toll—one-tenth. He was told he might go fishing while he waited, if he liked. This was my job for some years, and I remember that the three-bushel sack lasted us about ten days. That was some years after we built the new house, however, and had plenty of company. As it required a man to put three bushels of wheat (180 pounds) on the back of a rather large horse, if the boy let the bag fall off, as I one time did, all he could do was to wait until someone came along, put the bag on the horse. and lifted him on top of it.

Corn was nearly always tramped out, the threshing floor being covered to a depth of about a foot. The horses went around and around on the floor, a small boy usually claiming the privilege of riding, an attendant shoveling the corn out of the center into the track of the horses, and shoveling back into the center the shelled corn and cobs.

To get the hay and grain into the barn, the loaded wagons were driven into one or the other of the threshing floors, and the load pitched by hand into the mows on either side. Great beams

were placed crosswise of the threshing floor, about the height of the barn, which was about the height of the loaded wagon. On these beams, platforms were made, the hay or grain was pitched onto these platforms from the wagon, again pitched into the mow, and then, by another hand, pitched back, with one or two boys to tramp —hot work on a hot day. After the mows were filled, one threshing floor was filled, and afterward the space over the other—these last mainly with grain, preferably oats.

If you are interested in farm matters, which I hope you are, you may want to know what kind of a corn crib we had. Well, you would have laughed at it. It was four feet wide, eight feet high, and long enough to hold the bulk of the crop. It was located four to six rods from the barn. As I remember it, it held about six hundred bushels. The rest was left in the shock, for we nearly always harvested our entire corn crop, and husked it as need be after hauling the fodder to the barn. Farmers in those days never would have thought of committing the extravagance of wasting the forage. The reason for the narrow crib was the very significant one that corn would not keep in that country in a wide crib.

The New House

OUR new house was the pride of the neighborhood when it was built, in 1848. At that time there were five of us children, I being the oldest. A house with six rooms at the most, and no cellar, was rather small for a family of that size, even in the days of trundle beds and other primitive conditions. Father had good reason to say, as I often heard him, as an excuse for building the new house, that they "could hardly subsist longer in the old house with comfort."

The new house was built of brick, with a stone foundation. It was for the main part the same size as the old house, 30x32 feet, but it had two full stories and a full cellar, with four rooms equal in size, in one of which was a great fireplace. In this room the washing and churning and rendering of lard and other rough work was done. Another was the wool room; for my father raised sheep, and if the price did not suit him, he kept the wool crop from year to year, and wisely kept it in a cool, damp place, where there would be no shrinkage in weight. I heard when a boy of wool growers who kept a barrel of water in the wool room, in which was inserted a woolen cord or rope, which was laid back and forth between the layers of fleece, the idea being that capillary action would gradually distribute the contents of the barrel between the fleeces, and thus prevent them from drying out. My father did not do this; he found the cellar damp enough to keep his wool from shrinking. "There are tricks in all trades but ours."

One of the back rooms of the cellar being dark, made an elegant place for storing apples during the winter; and the new orchard having begun to bear, there was never any scarcity of apples at our house. In fact, we did not think of bringing up less than a good, big dishpanful in the evening, to say nothing of apple pies and apple sauce and cider-apple butter. Occasionally there was plenty of cider, and my mother would have scorned to use anything but cider vinegar.

The New House, Built of Brick and Stone in 1848 at a Cost of $600 Cash, Besides Home Labor.

The two upper stories of the house were divided into four rooms each. All the downstairs rooms had fireplaces, but not those above; and there was no other provision made for ventilation. This was a most pitiful mistake, and, I think, had much to do with the early death of all my brothers and sisters. There was also a story-and-a-half addition, 16x18 or 18x20, I don't remember which, with a broad porch to the south, where it was the custom to eat dinner and supper during the entire summer season.

Nowadays, and I have no doubt this will be none the less true in your day, it is very little trouble to build a house, provided you have enough money. No doubt your folks employ an architect, and then let the contract, which again is sub-let—contracts for heating, contracts for plumbing, contracts for lighting, contracts for plastering, contracts for painting, etc.

It was quite different in my boyhood days. We had never heard of an architect. The plan of the house was figured out a year or two in advance, by the fireside. Father always considered economy; hence he built a house nearly square, and the rooms were nearly square, so that, when a carpet became worn at some point, it could be turned some other way, and still fit reasonably well.

The first thing after the plans were made was to get the brick.

They could not be bought, but must be made on the farm, and that was a summer's work before the building of the house could be commenced. Fortunately, there was fairly good brick clay on the farm, and water convenient, of which a great deal was required in making brick. The surface had first to be stripped off, and the brick clay dug. This was done the fall before, in order to utilize the winter frost. It was then put into a mud-mill—a very simple affair worked by one horse—until the clay was thoroly ground and mixed. The clay as it came out was ready for the molder, who with his hands filled the molds with this well-mixed mortar. Then a couple of boys, of which I was one at least part of the time, became "off-bearers"—that is, we bore or carried away the brick onto a suitably sanded floor, on which they were laid out to dry and afterwards turned. (I do not remember the details of this.) They were finally ricked up, the long ricks covered with boards, and when a sufficient number were made, were put into kilns, much of the type in use today. Our kiln held 100,000. Then came a week or two of burning brick, in which boys and men kept up the fires all the time. There was a day shift and a night shift. There was great fun during the night shift in roasting young corn, roasting ears we called them, and having the good times that boys generally do after nightfall.

The next thing was getting out the lumber. Pine, as I recollect it, was used only for inside work, for window frames, sills and such like, The rest of the lumber was secured from our own forest, or "woods" as we called it. The trees had to be cut down, sawed into logs of suitable length, these hauled on the log-sled to the sawmill, about a mile away, and the lumber hauled back. While brickmaking furnished a summer's work, getting out the timbers for rafters, joists, plates, etc., provided a good, hard winter's work.

Then a kiln of lime had to be burned for mortar for the bricks and for plaster. In this lime kiln was placed a little white limestone, which was the deposit—almost pure carbonate of lime—in the rocky bed of a stream which carried water heavily impregnated with limestone. This was for the white-coat.

There were no labor unions in that day. Carpenter work was taken by the job, and, if my memory serves me right, it cost $120 for a ten-room house with four large rooms in the cellar, practically a fourteen-room house. I do not remember the wages paid the bricklayers or the mortar men. I do remember very distinctly that I was very ambitious to tend the bricklayers by carrying the brick up the inclines; but after I reached the second story, I was compelled to give up. I never could keep my head if I went much above the earth's surface. (Nor I might say ever since, if I got

too far ahead of the convictions of the best people.) Other boys could walk the joists in the second story and in the third story, could walk along the top of the brick wall when finished, could get up on the roof and help shingle—but I never could. I remember I cried about it when I had to give up, and everybody hooted and laughed at me, which did not mend my feelings a little bit.

At that time, in building brick houses, we knew nothing about building hollow walls, nor did we understand what has since been called furring, that is, nailing on strips before putting on the lath, so as to leave a dead air space between the plastering and the brick. The result was that except in the rooms where there was fire continually in the winter season, the walls became damp. This was particularly true in the northwest corner downstairs, the spare room, which had but one window in it. I noticed that the paper on it became moldy in the course of three or four months during the winter season. This lack of proper ventilation, I believe, had much to do with the ill-health of the family. None of my brothers or sisters lived to be thirty, and all of them died with some form or other of consumption, with the exception of little Mary, who died of dysentery when about two years old.

Possibly there may have been infection from tuberculous cattle; I suspect there was. I am quite sure there was among the hogs, which means that there was among the cattle; for, when butchering time came, my mother always inspected the livers, and threw out the spotted ones. We now recognize these spots as indications of tuberculosis. But whether the disease originated in the barnyard or not, or whether it was contracted in one of the many other ways in which tuberculosis can be contracted, in some way all of the younger children were infected, none of them, however, before I left home, which was when I was eighteen. I suppose the only reason I did not share the fate of the rest of the family was because I lived the rest of my life in an entirely different environment. In those days, physicians knew nothing of the germ theory nor of the methods of infection. The disease was looked upon as practically incurable. When a physician saw that there was no hope, he ordered the patient to Cuba, just as in later years they were sent first to Minnesota, then to Colorado, then to California, and now to the dry climates of New Mexico and Arizona. Up to the time when my brothers contracted the disease, there was no healthier family in all the country than ours.

This will explain why I give so much space to describing the new house. First, I want you to understand the difficulties in building a house then as compared with now; and, second, to show

the immense value of provision for ventilation in any house in any country, where it is hoped to rear a family.

It need not be said that this house contained no modern conveniences, no plumbing, no toilet conveniences—a wash basin and pitcher of water on a stand in the spare room, that is all. The rest of us washed in the kitchen, or sometimes at a stand outdoors. My father had no lack of means, and the arrangement of this house was practically that of every other house, even the best in the country at that early period. There was scant provision for putting away clothes. There were no wardrobes built in the house, but plenty of hooks behind the doors and at different places in the rooms. We never thought of screening the porch, for no one had yet discovered that mosquitoes—of which there was one every now and then, and sometimes several—distributed malaria, or that the fly was the modern Beelzebub. But do not imagine for a moment that we had no comfort in that home; for it was one of the very best in the neighborhood.

The total cost, that is, the money actually paid out in cash, was about $600, as I remember. It would cost probably $6,000 now, and possibly even more in your generation. Like the barn, however, it lasted. "Age does not wither" it, and it is practically as good as ever. All it has needed has been re-painting every few years, and, like the barn, re-shingling now and then. It will be good a hundred years from now; for it was not built for speculation, but for a home, and to last. Is it any wonder, considering the way houses were built then, that families were more deeply attached to them than to those built in later days?

Transportation

IN no one respect has there been greater changes in the last sixty or seventy years than in transportation; and the end of improvement in that direction is not yet. In my early boyhood there were no railroads in that part of the country. The first road (the Pittsburg and Connellsville, now part of the Baltimore and Ohio) was built when I was about thirteen. I knew the whistle of every engine on that road. There were five of them. Two or three years later, the Pennsylvania road was built. The Pennsylvania canal had been built some years previous; but it was quite a distance from our home, and therefore I knew nothing about it. You may wonder how a canal could be built across the Allegheny mountains. It was not, but at a certain point the canal boats were taken up over the mountains and let down on the other side into another canal, on what was called an inclined plane.

Before these early railroads came in, the transportation was either by wagon or by water. There had always been more or less traffic down the Youghiogheny river. The heaviest part of it was coal, which was taken out of a mine in what is now known as the Connellsville region, loaded into coal boats, which were about 16 feet wide, 100 feet long, and 8 feet deep, and floated down the river in the wake of high water. The reason was that when the river was rising, being higher in the middle, the tendency was to float the boats to the shore; but when it was falling, being lower in the middle, it was comparatively easy to keep them in the channel. These boats were steered by large oars at either end. When they came down to Pittsburgh, they were grouped together and steered down the river by a kind of steamboat, of a kind I have never seen anywhere else. A number of these boats were lashed together end to end, the steamer took hold of the hindmost, and by a skill which was acquired only by experience, steered them down the tortuous channel to Cincinnati, Louisville, Vicksburg or New Orleans. Here the coal was sold, and also the lumber of which the boats were con-

structed, and the boatmen got back home the best way they could.

Lighter loads were taken in what are known as keel boats, guided by oars, floated down stream, and either floated back or towed back by steamers as far as navigation extended, and pushed up the smaller streams by men with poles. A man standing in the boat, with a long pole to his shoulder, could push (or pole, as we called it) where rowing would be utterly impossible. This, however, applied only to certain kinds of traffic.

All the dry goods had to be hauled over the mountains on Canistoga wagons. These were large, broad-tired, hoop-covered wagons, the cover rising at both ends much after the fashion of the old-style poke bonnet that the women wore to church during my earliest recollections. They were drawn by teams of from four to six horses, which were also called Canistoga horses, a breed developed in Pennsylvania, the stock of which unfortunately has been lost. I imagine the term "stogy," applied to a brand of cigars made in that region, is simply a contraction of the word Canistoga.

The government had laid out a series of what were known as national roads, running from New York thru Philadelphia, thru the principal cities, and westward as far as Indianapolis. In short, before the time of railroads, the macadam road was regarded as the only practical means of transportation across the mountains and out to the inland prairie country. These roads were well laid out, always seeking the best grades over hills and mountains, and were the main channels of communication.

The merchants bought goods twice a year. The modern "drummer" was unknown in those days. The passenger trade was carried in what were known as Concord coaches, holding four, six or eight persons, with a "boot" behind for the baggage. They were driven by four-horse teams of a lighter type of Canistoga horses, the horses being changed every eight or ten miles.

Along these same roads traveled the great herds of cattle, hogs and sheep that were needed to supply the wants of the eastern markets. During the summer season, one was scarcely out of sight of these great droves. Every few miles along these roads were what were known as taverns, which furnished accommodation for man and beast. The houses were large and roomy, the barns large, the water supply abundant, and the farms mostly laid out in pasture.

Persons who complain of the discomforts of modern travel, on the best trains, with parlor cars and Pullmans, with electric lights and other conveniences, and who complain still more bitterly of travel on branch roads, should have the experience of a couple of days and nights of travel on the old-fashioned Concord coach. I

tried it but once, when I first went from my home to the academy. The journey was 130 miles, and at the end of the trip I was as nearly done for as I have ever been in my life. Sea-sickness is no comparison to what I suffered. We were bumped and jostled and pounded over macadam roads, not of the best, going downhill on the trot, and coming into town on the gallop; for the drivers in those days blew their horns when they approached a town, and drove in much after the style in which a judge in England or Ireland approaches the courthouse to open court.

The horses used for hauling merchandise and pulling the Concord coaches were somewhat less in size than our draft horses, much more active, with far better legs and feet, and it is a national misfortune that this breed passed out soon after the immediate necessity for them ceased. They were reared in the limestone valleys in Pennsylvania and Ohio. The splendid blue grass pastures gave them size. The character of the soil gave them bone; and men gradually adapted them to the work which was required in those days.

There must have been lively times at the taverns. There was always a bar; for a tavern without a bar would have been like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. There was no end of company, tho perhaps not of the most polite sort.

In order to avoid toll, for there was a toll-gate every two or three miles, with a pole which could be let down directly across the way in case the drover hesitated about paying, the drovers sometimes left the pike west of West Newton, crossed over Budd's Ferry, and came past our schoolhouse, catching the pike again farther on, where the roads were inferior or perhaps impassable. It was a great day at our schoolhouse when we heard the bawling of cattle or the squealing of pigs or the bleating of sheep; for even old Billy Clemons' one eye could not watch all of us. It was most interesting to note the length of the horns of those western cattle; and it was then that, for the first time, I detected what we now call actinimycosis or "lumpy-jaw" of cattle. We were always on the lookout for steers with lumpy-jaw, which affected cattle even that far back.

By and by the railroads came, and the tavern keepers and men who had pastures on the roadside to let, were in despair. An enterprising Pittsburgher named Billy Lorimor conceived the idea that by slacking the Youghiogheny from McKeesport to West Newton, some fifteen or sixteen miles, and then planking the turnpike from there to Cumberland, a distance of some seventy miles, and putting on a line of steamers and stages, they could compete with the

Pennsylvania railroad. Looking back at it now, it seems like a fool's dream—as in the end it proved to be. The first thaw in the spring took out all the dams used to slack the river, pushed the old "Thomas Shriver" and one or two of the other boats which ran in connection with the stage on the plank road, up on the bank, and left them there. The project was abandoned, but the plank road was still there. As the country was a hilly one, and the farmers frequently had to rough-lock their wagons going downhill with a heavy load, the friction of the tire on the planks made the iron red-hot and set the wheel on fire. Then the question was where to find water to put out the fire.

I remember a discussion in the harvest field when the Pennsylvania road was built, while the men were eating their "piece." It was the custom in harvest time to send a boy out with a "piece" at half-past ten o'clock. This consisted of bread and butter, cold chicken or cold meat, custard pie, coffee, and, on some farms, something stronger. While the men were eating their lunch one day, being the carrier, I naturally listened to the rather interesting discussion between my father and some of the neighbors, as to the effect of this building of railroads on the business of growing horses—for that was a country of draft horses. Every neighbor but one, as I recollect it, contended that it would be the ruin of the draft horse business. My father, who was an unusually far-seeing man, took an entirely opposite view. He held that the building of railroads would build up cities; that these would require more draft horses than had ever been heard of before; and said that he now proposed to go into the breeding of draft horses more strongly than ever, and advised the neighbors to do the same. In this, as in most other things, his judgment proved to be correct.

The building of these national roads, temporary as they proved to be, were still a vast improvement on anything they had before. They were for the time being a national necessity. Prior to that time, farming could be carried on only near the streams, a distance over which it was possible to haul the grain. The grain was hauled to mills or distilleries, of which there were great numbers in the country on the streams, wherever there was a mill site or a fall which would give water power. It was then ground into flour, which could be more easily transported than the wheat. For the same reason, the rye and a good deal of the corn was converted into whisky.

The building of the railroads and the consequent disuse of the turnpike changed the class of live stock. Prior to the time of the railroads, the hog that could not walk to market was of no use.

Hence hogs were bred not exactly for speed, but for ability to walk to market. There was no baby beef; for the steer could not travel over the mountains unless he had length of limb. The hogs were large, rangy, sometimes white, but more frequently black and white, and at a year and a half old would develop into about 300 pounds in weight. The brood sows were terrors, and woe to the boy who interfered with their little pigs! The railroad has shortened the nose, shortened the legs, done away with the bristles, and put a more lovely kink in the tail, as well as changed the color from mixed black and white to white, or black, or red.

The same change has taken place in the type of cattle. The cattle of those days were of no particular breed, altho occasionally we could see in the droves that passed our schoolhouse types of what I now recognize as Short-horn blood. In fact, Short-horns were being introduced in our neighborhood. They were roans, and beefy. My mother objected to them on the ground that the heifers from these cows were poor milkers in which I have no doubt she was entirely correct.

The sheep in those days were mostly merinos—not the heavy, wrinkled type, with a skin about fifty per cent larger than necessary to cover the body, but smooth, dark, and with oily, fine wool, and smaller than our mutton breeds, of which we heard nothing then. There was also a larger type of native sheep, with rather long, white and somewhat coarse wool, and occasionally one entirely black. Women liked this black wool for stockings, because it was not necessary to dye it, and there was no danger of its fading in the wash.

A Scene on the Turnpike

I HAVE given you a brief and rather imperfect description of the transportation in my early days. I will now try to give you a pen-picture of what you might see, and what I have often seen on a trip to town, in which we passed over two or three miles of this turnpike, or "national road."

But first I must tell you a little story about my Uncle Billy: As I have told you, when pastures were short along the turnpike, and more plentiful at some distance, and when the dirt roads were good, drovers often left the turnpike, crossed at Budd's Ferry, and came past the old schoolhouse. A hog drover came along one day and rented a night's pasture from Uncle Billy, whose farm touched the roadside. The next morning, my Uncle Billy took a walk out over the pasture to see if everything was all right. I might say that it was almost impossible to lose a hog from these droves; for if one got tired and gave out, he was sure to follow the drove, for hogs have a scent almost equal to a dog's, and will follow a trail. My uncle found no hogs, but found a lone little pig, possibly dropped in the night. At any rate, it was there, and, being a very compassionate man, he took the little fellow in his arms, carried him home, and gave him to a little orphan girl whom he was raising, as he was childless himself, and told her she could have it. Of course, he built a little pen for it, and of course that pig grew, for it had the choice of the slops and waste.

We boys, when we went to my uncle's, were fond of teasing that pig and seeing him fight. He finally learned to jump out of the pen. Another board was put on, and he learned to jump that, finally becoming unmanageable, and was put out in the herd. Uncle Billy had a fashion of walking over his farm every Sabbath afternoon, especially his pastures, while meditating, no doubt, on the uncertainties of life, meanwhile keeping his eyes open to see that nothing was going wrong. In the course of his meditations, he noticed that the pig, now grown to be quite a hog, was eyeing him with suspicion as a poacher on his preserves, meanwhile champing and frothing at the mouth, as male hogs do when suspicious of strangers.

Uncle Billy was a short man, with an unusually long body and short legs, and he concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and began a masterly retreat in the direction of a rail fence. There were no barbed wire fences in those days, and few of boards, the fences being nearly all made of rails, laid in the fashion of what we then called a worm fence. Meanwhile, the hog had also begun to move in the direction of that fence, and Uncle Billy moved a little faster. The hog likewise moved faster—more champing and more frothing. Finally, Uncle Billy ran as fast as his short legs and heavy body could go, and it was a question as to which would get to that fence first. Uncle Billy was just a little too late, for just as he reached the fence, the hog made a strike at him, upward, as hogs strike, and sadly marred Uncle Billy's Sunday suit, besides leaving a mark on one of his short legs that might have proved serious, had he not been a man of clean life and simple habits. I did not hear what became of that hog, but I can guess. When Uncle Billy was out of danger, we laughed a good deal about his masterly retreat.

Now, as to what you see on the turnpike. You have been to town, and are returning home. Just as you are ready to start, in comes the stage, the horses trotting down the long hill, nearly a mile long, which brings you from the uplands into the town and the valley. As it passes thru the town, the driver blows his horn and the horses come in on the full gallop. If you are right close, you may see Henry Clay, for he often traveled this road on his return from Washington to Kentucky. You may see a governor or a congressman from Ohio or Indiana. You will see merchants from the states farther west, going home after buying goods. If there are any women in the coach, they will excite your compassion. They will be too sick to eat anything, but the kind old landlady, Mother Yowry, comes out with coffee or tea.

As you go up the long hill, you will probably see a Pennsylvania Dutch farmer and his wife in a broad, roomy buggy, or possibly on a farm wagon, quiet, placid, contented; the horses smooth and sleek and fat; the wagon well filled with purchases. There is peace in their hearts and contentment on their faces. After a slight decline, the road begins to climb Miller's Hill, one of the highest points in that country, and as it rounds the crest, you look down on the narrows, which have been cut thru to furnish water for the first paper mill ever started in western Pennsylvania. This was built by General Markle, who once ran for governor on the Whig ticket, but was defeated.

From the top of Miller's Hill, I once looked down upon a

scene I shall never forget. To the north of it lies the Barren Run range—not mountains, but a ridge of hills of poor soil, thrown up after the great beds of coal—with which this section was covered—were laid down, throwing out the coal. Beyond it you may see the Chestnut Ridge mountains, and, on a clear day, rising beyond them, Laurel Hill. Between the Barren Run range and the Chestnut Ridge, in the valley, lies the great coking vein of coal, of which we have heard so much. It was early morning, and bright and clear. (I was teaching in West Newton at that time, and taking a "constitutional" before breakfast.) The fog was rising from the streams and valleys, and as I watched it rise, it shut out from my view completely the Barren Run ridge, until there was a sea of fog—level and still—over which nothing could be seen except the Chestnut Range.

As you climb the hill, you pass a drove of hogs. It is now pretty near sundown, and every particular hog is squealing. Their appetites will soon be satisfied, for Miller's tavern is just half a mile ahead. You will meet, perhaps, climbing the hill on the other side, a Canistoga wagon. It is drawn by six horses, weighing about fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds each, of no particular color, but clean of limb, and every horse has his weight thrown on the collar, climbing the hill slowly and patiently. You notice the driver. He drives with a single line, but rides the saddle horse, which is the near-side horse behind. He sits in a saddle with long flaps. He has in his hand a blacksnake whip, which will crack more sharply than any Fourth of July firecracker. You may wonder how he guides these horses with a single line. The line passes thru the hames of the middle span of horses, and with it he guides the lead horse, usually the most intelligent animal in the team. The off lead horse is guided by a jockey stick, one end of which is fastened to the hames of the lead horse, and the other to the bridle of the off lead horse. He guides the off saddle horse with his whip, and reaches with it the middle ones if necessary. He is loaded with dry goods and other merchandise, and will take back a load of flour. Behind, on the rear of his wagon, is the feed box, a long box in which he feeds his horses; under it, the tar bucket, oil can, and other necessary articles. You will pass a drove of cattle next, on their way to the next tavern; and so on, day after day, never out of sight of hogs, cattle, sheep, coaches and Canistoga horses and wagons. For this is one of the great "national roads," which were quite as essential to the life of the nation in those days as are the railroads of today.

How My Father Farmed

MY father's farm contained about 150 acres. Part of it was very steep, a north hillside, on which grew naturally sugar trees, black walnuts and black locusts. The ridge thru the middle of the southern slope was clay loam and loamy clay land, excepting a couple of points, that were tenacious limestone clay. The rest of the farm was bottom land, the bed of an ancient lake, long since drained out naturally, but which needed drainage, and which my father eventually tile drained by putting a drain every thirty-three feet.

The rotation was corn, oats, winter wheat and clover and timothy, with a field or two laid down to permanent blue grass pasture. We kept from four to six cows, raised their calves by hand, and bought in enough to make a lot of ten or twelve steers for winter feeding. Enough brood mares were kept to do the work on the farm, and some colts were grown every year. The rest of the pastures, especially those of blue grass, were given up to merino sheep.

The tools on the farm were very simple. There was the wooden plow with the metal mold-boards, a removable share with a long point, which had to be kept in order by a file or taken to the blacksmith shop, for in those heavy clay lands, it wore out rapidly. The harrow, up to the time I was about thirteen years of age, was the ordinary straight-tooth harrow. The grain was cut with a cradle, the down spots being taken up with the sickle. When we raised rye, it was always cut with the sickle, so as to keep the straw straight for tying the corn shocks, or to cut up in the feed cutter, to be mixed with shorts, wetted, as a summer feed for horses. The other tools were a wagon, a bob-sled, hand rakes, and afterwards a wooden horse rake, which sometimes tumbled (dumped) when you wanted it to, and at other times tumbled twice when you wanted it to tumble but once. There was also a heavy roller, made out of a big log—home-made, of course.

Corn was grown generally on sod broken up in the late fall or

The Old Wallace Farmstead, Showing New House and Barn With Spring House Between. Photo Taken in 1914.

winter; for there was seldom a year in which we could not plow some time during the winter. The advantage in winter plowing was that it did not matter how wet the land was, because the subsequent freezing would correct the tendency to bake or brick. We aimed to plow about eight or nine inches deep for corn, throwing the furrows on edge. Without disking, and with nothing but the straight-toothed harrow, it was not possible to make much of a seed bed. This disadvantage was overcome by what is known as furrowing out. We had a small one-horse plow, called a Barshear, or sometimes a "half-patent," for what reason I do not know, with which we furrowed out the corn one way, having the rows four feet apart. We then furrowed out crosswise, and the corn was dropped by hand at the intersection of these furrows, and covered with the hoe. Usually, the man who covered it put his foot on the top of the hill, for the purpose of pressing it down, and thus insuring an early germination.

After the corn was up, we usually harrowed with a V-shaped harrow, taking out the first front tooth, with a pole strapped at each side behind it, which a man could hold in his hand. He could thus harrow one row at a time quite satisfactorily. The next thing to do was to take the Barshear plow and throw a light furrow away from the corn row, one on each side, leaving the row of corn standing on a narrow strip, possibly six inches in width, if the corn was dropped properly. The next thing to do was to take the same plow and throw this furrow back to the corn, thus giving plenty of loose dirt for the now spreading roots. We rather liked to have the blue grass grow in the middles, as it furnished food for the cutworms, which then, as now, were dreaded by the corn grower.

There being a good deal of timber left in the country, the crows gave us a good deal of trouble, because they managed in some way to have their broods come out about the time the corn was coming up, and they found that by pulling up the corn and eating the grain at the root, they had a rather delicious morsel for their young. We made rather vain attempts to scare them away by putting up scare-crows and hanging dead crows on them. We boys, however, preferred to take considerable time and hunt the crows' nests in the timber. We sometimes managed to kill the young ones, but the old ones were as wise then as they are today.

The next thing to do was to plow out the middles, sometimes with a bull-tongue or a single-shovel plow, particularly if the land was stumpy or stony, but generally with a double shovel, run by one horse. The idea of cultivating two rows at a time, as by the modern cultivator, had never entered our heads. We kept up this cultivation until the corn was in tassel, having a sack or a basket on the horse's mouth, to keep him from eating the leaves or stalks.

When harvested in the fall, the corn was put in shocks, eight hills square, that being as large as it was supposed the climate would permit. We regarded fifty bushels as a good yield. In fact, I don't know that we ever surpassed it, altho, after the farm was sold, many years afterwards, a couple of fields that had been let lie in blue grass pasture for a good many years, yielded seventy-five bushels of shelled corn per acre. This was regarded as marvelous.

Oats followed corn, and, singularly enough, we plowed the corn stubble. Sowing on the corn stalks and harrowing it in, as is usually done in the west, would have been regarded as very poor farming. Possibly it would have been so in that section; I don't know. The oats were cut with the cradle when ripe, and allowed to lie in the swath. I was told by my father that some years before my recollection, it was the custom to let them lie until they had one heavy rain, the reason being that after one rain they threshed out more bushels; and as these oats were usually sold to the tavern keepers along the turnpike, and by the bushel, there was no particular reason for getting the oats in without getting wet. Oats were followed by wheat, but usually after the manure had been hauled out and turned under as a preparation for the wheat crop.

It was customary to plow under clover when in blossom. This was discontinued in the later years of my recollection. Clover and timothy were sown on the frozen ground, and were not harrowed in, as is the better custom in modern times.

The wheat was cut with a cradle, and bound up and shocked

immediately. A good cradler could cut three acres a day, and received about $1.25 a day. A good binder could "follow" the cradler, but he would have to be what was then known as a "good" man—that is, good at the business. For the term, "a good man," in those days had a somewhat different meaning from what it has now. If in a timber country, a good man was like the one the psalmist talks about:

> "A man was famous and was had
> In estimation,
> According as he had lifted up
> His ax thick trees upon."

There was great strife among the men as to which should be regarded as the best cradler. The two best cradlers in our neighborhood were Leth Wilgus and John McClellan. Wilgus had cut our grain for years, working by the day. He finally took the contract of cutting a twelve-acre field for four dollars, and challenged McClellan to a contest. The neighbors are talking yet about that day's cradling. McClellan started in thru the middle of the field at the usual time in the morning. Wilgus was late, having to grind his scythe. As McClellan came back on the first "thru," he met Wilgus, who politely asked him to wait till he caught up with him. McClellan replied: "I will just go on slowly," but in the meantime put in his best licks. The next time they met, Wilgus asked him again, and got the same answer. Wilgus then replied: "I will get you before the devil gets you, if he doesn't get you before night!"

An uncle of mine and I were taking up after Wilgus, and two schoolmates named Mellender were taking up after McClellan. Our blood was up. About ten o'clock, my father came out and told them to go slow and take it easy. Some time during the day, Wilgus caught up and cut around McClellan. At noon, my father repeated his injunction. I think he was more solicitous about me than anyone else. About three, he came out and issued peremptory orders—but they were absolutely disregarded. By sundown, the whole field was cut, with the exception of an acre, when my father, now furious, stopped the contest. The Mellenders were behind, but my uncle and I kept up.

The next day, Wilgus finished the acre, and we bound up what was left behind. When the shocking was finished, there were 304 shocks of a dozen sheaves each. This has ever since been regarded as the biggest job of cradling ever done in that part of the country.

The hay was cut with the scythe, which left it in a rather heavy swath, that had to be shaken out. This furnished fine employment for the girls and boys, provided the weather was not too hot. It was then raked up by hand, and when the swath became heavy, it was forked into windrows, the raker following, and generally put in cocks. If the weather was fine, it was shaken out of the windrow, forked onto the wagon, and forked off into the barn. All this seems crude in these days of modern improved machinery.

One can readily see that the live stock was necessarily limited on the farm, as it would be impossible to furnish the hands to cut the enormous crops since grown on the prairies of the west. I should have mentioned that the wages of mowers were from 75 cents to a dollar; harvest wages for men were 75 cents, for boys, 50 cents. Until the advent of the binder, wheat and oats were put up at quite as low a cost per acre in those days as in modern days. The mower and hay rake, and later the horse fork and hay loader and buck rake have further revolutionized the methods of haymaking.

Doctors and Medicine

IN my boyhood days, even the city doctors were not driven about in automobiles by chauffeurs, nor in closed carriages by drivers—reading a magazine, medical or otherwise, and always in a rush, as if on urgent calls. The country doctors always rode horseback, and carried their medicine with them, in leather bags, one on each side of the saddle, with a slit in it thru which the back part of the saddle protruded. They usually lived in the small towns or at the cross-roads on the turnpike, and endeavored to reach on the same trip as many as possible of their patients in any given quarter of their territory. We did not have to decide what kind of a doctor to call, for there was but one school of medicine then—what we now call the allopathic, or, to use their own language, the "medical profession."

In our neighborhood, we did not hear for a long time of homeopaths, and when they did appear later, they were derided as "little pill" doctors, whose medicine was harmless if an overdose was taken, and useless in the ordinary doses. We did not have eclectic doctors. There were no magnetic healers then, and osteopathy was as yet unheard of.

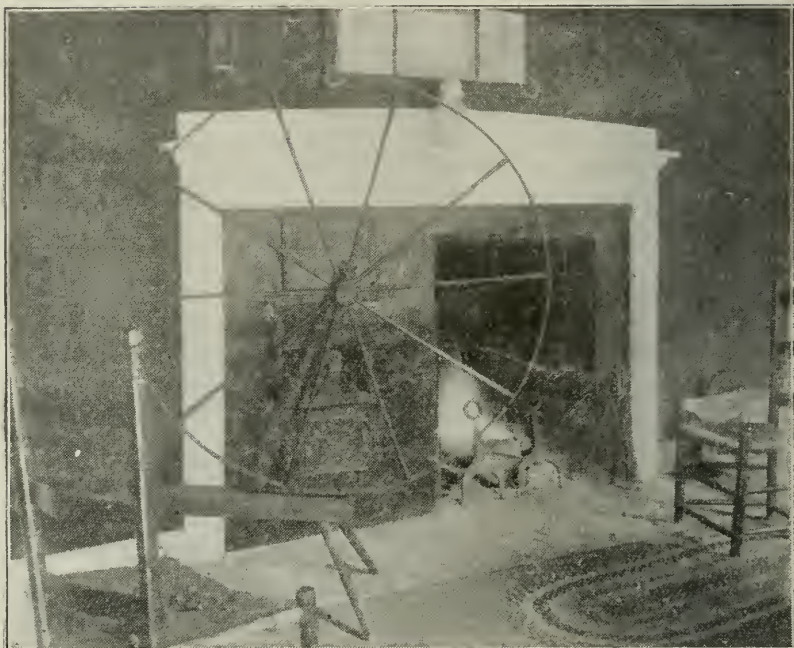
We did not have the variety of diseases then with which we are now afflicted. We had, of course, measles (two kinds, the black and the other kind), whooping-cough, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, mumps, malaria, sometimes smallpox. We did not have tuberculosis, but consumption—two kinds, the galloping, where the patient died in a few months, and the other kind, where he lingered from year to year. We had rheumatism, oftener called "rheumatiz." We did not have paranoic people, nor neurasthenics, but we did have hysterics. When some people had it, it was called by the shorter name of "sterics"; and the excuse was made that he or she (generally she) was a "stericky" person, and no sympathy was wasted on her. We never heard of the multitude of diseases now well known, ending in "osis" and "itis."

We did not have appendicitis, but we did have inflammation of the bowels—the same disease under a different name. We had boils, and always in the most uncomfortable places. A very common location was on the back of the neck, where we could not see it, but we could always feel it. The proper course was to poultice it, or, as the grannies would say, "bring it to a head." There were various poultices—bran, slippery-elm bark, flaxseed. When the boil was properly brought to a head, after several days of careful nursing, then it must be opened. The operator made a small opening in the "ripe" boil, with a needle or sharp pen-knife, then gently squeezed with his fingers, with good results. It was a comfort to the sufferer to feel the contents running down on the bare flesh, and to hear the comments: "That's good! That's worth five dollars!" Five dollars was the usual estimate put upon the value of a boil, on the theory that there was corruption of that value worked out of you. It was regarded as a process of physical sanctification.

Then we had felons, usually on the thumb. The cure for a felon was to hold it in lye, just as hot as could be borne, and as long as you could endure it. We did not have scrofula, but we did have white swelling; and when, for any reason, any part of the body began to swell up and distend without any boil or gathering, it was regarded as a case of dropsy, or, as usually pronounced, "dropasy." If the complexion turned sallow and stayed so for a long time, the person had the jaundice, or what was known in local parlance as "yellow janders."

We did not usually send for the doctor unless a person was quite sick. When an addition to the family was expected, it was customary to send for him; but our women in those days were a good deal like the women among the children of Israel in Egypt.

Medical practice has changed a good deal since my early days. The doctor then did not come nearly so often, but when he did there was serious business on hand. The doctor did not write prescriptions then, but carried his medicines with him. In addition to his drugs, he carried "pullicans," to extract teeth, and sometimes took what the neighbors called "a piece of the jaw," which we now know was only a portion of the alveolar process, and not of the jaw at all. He always carried a lance, and if he thought you had too much blood, he relieved you of some of it. He was likely to either bleed you or blister you, or, in extreme cases, "cup" you, that is, burn some paper in an ordinary tumbler, thus creating a partial vacuum —and then put it down on your flesh where there was some inward pain he could not reach, and allow the flesh to be sucked up and



The Old Spinning Wheel, Which Was Part of the Equipment of Every Pioneer Household.

filled with blood. After removing the cup, he scarified the surface, and was thus "getting the bad blood out of you." If none of these remedies were indicated, or if they failed, then he gave you a dose of calomel (blue mass) and followed it with jalap or some other physic. Occasionally leeches were indicated. After the doctor's visit, you either got better or worse, much as nowadays. In short, the rule was:

"Puke, purge, bleed and sweat 'em,
And if they die, why, let 'em."

It was seldom thought necessary to send for a doctor for a young person, except in the case of smallpox or dysentery, which last was somewhat common along in the fall of the year. If a boy had been eating too many green apples or plums, and there was trouble in the "department of the interior," that could be remedied by giving him a dose of lobelia, a herb which every good housewife took care to keep in stock. If he was bilious, the proper thing to do was to give him thoroughwort tea, made from a weed which grew in moist places. Babies, of course, were generously supplied with

catnip. It was supposed that "sheep-saffron" tea would "bring out" measles. It was easy enough to induce little children to drink that; but when a boy was ten or twelve years old, and became wise as to what this sheep-saffron was, he would rather have the measles stay in than to bring them out by drinking this tea.

If any boy had the "bark" knocked off of his hands, or had a slight cut, and it did not heal, but festered around the edges, then we knew that his blood was out of order. If it was in the spring of the year, he was dosed with sassafras tea, or "sassafrax," as we called it. If this was not convenient, epsom salts were sure to "cool the blood." A bottle of castor oil was always handy. If, after once tasting it, the boy did not take it readily the second time, it was easy to put your arm around his head, take hold of his nose with the left hand, and handle the spoon with the right. I am told that castor oil has been much improved in flavor of late years, and disguised in various ways. I am glad of it.

There was another remedy that was always kept on our mantel. If any of us youngsters was "simmet" at breakfast, and did not appear well during the day, whether the feeling was the result of unwillingness to go to the corn field, or work in the garden, or not, there was always kept on the mantel-piece a fruit jar or other vessel filled with some whitish stuff (I have always supposed it was some kind of soda mixed with flowers of sulphur, what we now know as sulphur). A spoonful of this in some molasses, or a threat of it, usually worked a cure.

I really do not know whether the death-rate was larger then than now. I am very sure the doctor bills were less, and that the medicine was not nearly so pleasant. Except in the case of hysterics and boys inclined to be lazy, there was no letting on that you were sick. A case of nervous prostration was never heard of, for the reason that we all had too much to do to think of ourselves. Thinking about yourself, your troubles, and your diseases, whether real or imagined, is generally the cause of nervous prostration. Some of the old ladies, however, took solid comfort in talking over their troubles and the diseases thru which they had safely come. I used to think some of them derived a good deal of pleasure out of their sorrows.

If a wart appeared on the hand, the thing to do was to wait till the new moon, take a piece of side-meat, look at the moon over the left shoulder, rub the wart with the side-meat, and then bury the meat under the eave, repeating the formula:

"As thou, moon, increases,
This wart decreases."

I tried this once without much faith in it; but in the course of a few days or weeks, the wart became itchy and peeled off—whether from this cause or not, I can not say.

There was a certain bone in a hog's head, which a smart boy might discover when the hog was being cut up after butchering, which, when carried in the pocket, was regarded as a sure cure or preventive of toothache. It was marvelous, also, to see how soon the toothache quit after the doctor appeared with his "pullicans." I had some experience in that line when a boy, when it was my job to turn the fanning mill, or, as we called it, the wind mill, and I was begging off on the plea of having a toothache. This time I was sent to the doctor's, but the toothache disappeared before I got to town.

We had a similar primitive way of handling diseases of live stock. If a cow got sick and the horns felt cold, then it was a case of "hollow horn," usually accompanied by "wolf in the tail." The proper thing to do was to get a plentiful supply of red pepper, bore a hole in the horn, work in red pepper thru a quill, then split the tail for about six inches, and tie it up with fat meat, plentifully sprinkled with red pepper. If a brood sow became weak in the back, and was not able to rise, she was supposed to have kidney worm, and the remedy was to feed her corn boiled in wood ashes. Occasionally, the feeding steers had "foot-ail," caused by tramping thru the muddy barnyards in winter. The proper thing was to apply turpentine to a rope and run it thru the clefts of the hoof. I hope to be forgiven for whatever share I had in applying these cruel "remedies" to live stock.

Of course, we knew nothing of germs or germ diseases, either in men or animals.

Manners and Customs

THO human nature in all generations is essentially the same, manners and customs differ from generation to generation. For example, the love that grows up between young men and maidens in every generation is essentially the same. By some mysterious law of attraction, which even they themselves do not understand, the young man is attracted to the maiden and the maiden to the man. They have the same hopes, delusions, lovers' quarrels, reconciliations—but the manner of expressing them changes somewhat.

In the days of my youth, the young man did not buy a shiny red buggy and go in debt for it when he was courting. Instead, he managed, if possible, to get a good-looking horse, saddle and bridle. If we younger boys saw any of the older boys taken with a sudden love of horseflesh and the trappings thereof, and saw one of them, in the cool of the summer evening or in the storms of winter, dressed in his best "bib and tucker," going to a certain house along about eight or nine o'clock, we knew there was something going on. If the horse was tied to the hitching post, we knew there was nothing serious as yet; but if the young man put his horse in the barn and took off the saddle, then it was evident that he had become a "steady," and something pleasant was imminent. If there was a quilting bee, and certain mysterious nods and winks among the girls, then we were quite sure of it.

When the engagement came, as it generally did in due time, there was no diamond engagement ring, frequently no ring at all, sometimes a plated gold ring with two hearts held together by a Cupid's arrow. There were no pre-nuptial dinners, no "showers." The wedding was rather a simple affair. Among the more well-to-do, a preacher was called upon to tie the knot. Among those of little financial or social standing, a visit to the 'squire in the neighboring town was all the wedding there was. There was no license law in those days, nor for long afterwards. If you and

your sweetheart were agreed, and a preacher or a 'squire was handy, a brief ceremony was all there was of it. Among the well-to-do and those of some social standing, there was usually considerable of a wedding—that is, a number of guests, relatives, neighbors and friends were invited, and there was a dinner—the best the house could afford. The bride and groom did not go on a "bridal tower," but usually spent the first evening and night at the bride's home. The next day was the "infair," or the reception at the home of the bridegroom, and it was a matter of pride on the part of his folks to have the dinner as sumptuous and elaborate as that given by the bride's folks. After that, the young folks settled down in their own home, which usually had been provided and furnished beforehand.

There were elopements then, and separations, just as there have been from the beginning of time, and will be to the end, I suppose. There were some funny advertisements in the paper, however. In case the wife could stand it no longer, and "vamoosed," the husband put an advertisement in the county paper, substantially as follows (I quote from memory): "Whereas, my wife, Elizabeth, has left my bed and board without due cause or provocation, I hereby warn all persons from harboring her, as I will pay no bills on her account."

Sickness and death came then much as now. In our neighborhood, a hired nurse was never heard of. There were always one or more women, married or single—mostly single—who were nurses by instinct; and these were called upon in case of sickness. Every neighbor felt himself bound to lend aid in this time of trouble; for he did not know when he or his might be in like need. Where a night watch was required, there were usually two, one watching till one or two o'clock, and the other from that till daylight. We knew that some diseases were "catching," but we had never heard of bacilli, microbes or germs. Unfortunately, we did not know much about sanitation, and hence there was more risk in waiting upon the sick than there is under modern conditions in the average home.

We had never heard of embalming the dead, except from the Bible, and no undertaker was called in. If a man died, the body was washed and dressed by some men in the neighborhood; if a woman or child, by some neighboring women. It was then laid out on the "cooling board" and a watch kept. There was always a "wake"; that is, a couple of neighbors sat up in the same room or in an adjoining room, with the door open between, with other doors and all windows closed, for fear of cats, which it was believed

were ever eager to disfigure the body of the dead. An undertaker furnished the coffin and hearse, unless the family was in rather poor circumstances, in which case the farmer's spring wagon took the place of a hearse. It was considered a very neighborly act to dig the grave for a neighbor; for there were no incorporated cemeteries and no sexton to do it. There was no decoration of the grave, no lining with cotton and evergreens. There was no mechanical arrangement by which the body could be slowly lowered. This was done with lines, generally taken from the farmer's harness. Two at each end lowered the coffin into a rough box: then lowered the lid. The family stood by until the neighbors filled up the grave quite full, smoothing and leveling the surface. It was regarded as rather bad form for any of the family to leave until he had seen the last shovelful of earth put upon the grave and smoothed down. Funerals were generally well attended. Some kind neighbor or neighbors stayed at the house, to prepare dinner or supper for the returning mourners, with some near friends who were invited to dine with them.

There were no costly tombstones in the graveyard—a plain slab, sometimes of native sandstone or slate, a narrow one if placed upright, and wide if placed horizontally, and sometimes a small monument of marble, with an inscription, frequently accompanied by a line of poetry, marked the resting-place of the dead. These country graveyards grew up then, as they do now, with brush and briers; but it was customary for the neighbors to meet once every two years and clean them up, making needed repairs and filling up the graves that had settled in the meantime.

Birthdays were not much regarded in my young days, except by the children. They, like children now, were anxious to get old fast, looking forward with glad anticipation to the time when the girls would be eighteen and the boys twenty-one, when they were said to be "of age." We had fewer holidays then than now. We celebrated the Fourth of July, never working on that day unless there was danger of losing the wheat harvest. It was celebrated more in the way of picnics and family gatherings than by Fourth of July orations. In fact, I can not remember that I ever heard a Fourth of July oration until after I was twenty-one. Some small respect was paid to Washington's birthday in the larger towns, but not in the country. Thanksgiving was usually celebrated by a good dinner at home, sometimes a turkey, sometimes not—but with nothing like the elaborateness of the New England Thanksgiving. There was religious service in the towns. A few years before the breaking out of the Civil War, the preachers

availed themselves of this opportunity to express their views on national subjects. The people of the opposite party regarded this as "preaching politics," and did not feel under any particular obligation to attend. In the country, we usually went hunting or attended a turkey-shoot or raffle.

Not very much attention was paid to Christmas. We Calvinists had an idea that an elaborate celebration of Christmas indicated a leaning toward popery. We usually had a good Christmas dinner, however, and if there was a turkey shoot in the neighborhood, it was all right to go and take a shot. We paid little or no attention to New Year's Day except to settle up book accounts with the storekeeper or the neighbors. The ordinary farmer who went to the store to settle up his account, and found there was nothing coming to him on account of the butter and eggs that his farm had furnished during the year, was rather out of sorts, but felt happy if there was a comfortable balance due him for the produce.

The presents given to the children at Christmas would surprise you by their meagerness and simplicity. There were no wax or bisque dolls, no dolls that could talk or cry, or that needed elaborate clothes. If a little girl wanted a doll, she generally made it herself, but she thought quite as much of it as of an expensive one. In fact, I think she thought a good deal more of it, even tho it was made of a kershaw squash or rags. In either case, it served as an expression of the latent instinct of motherhood natural to the female sex, without regard to race, wealth, education, position, or anything else.

The birth of a child in the family was regarded as a great event, especially by the older children, tho there was not very much said about it. I remember when my sister Margaret was born. It was in hay-making time. My father had a very intimate friend who neighbored with him a good deal, and I wondered the next morning that he did not say anything about the new baby. We were raking hay, I leading and the two older men following. My father said nothing about it till about half-past ten o'clock, and then said:

"George, we had an addition to the family last night—a girl."

George answered: "The usual good luck, I suppose?"

My father said, "Yes," and that was all there was of it. It was assumed that children would come to every family about every other year, or at least every third year, that everything would go well, and that the mother would be up and about in nine days, or in ten at the farthest. Of course, the neighbor women came to

look the new arrival over. The old grandmothers put on their spectacles and said: "Lawsy me! Which side of the family does she take after?" on which point there was very naturally difference of opinion. For my part, I never could see that the baby took after either side.

The money in circulation in my earliest day was largely Spanish coin, which was brought into that section from New Orleans by men who floated coal, grain, whisky, etc., in keel boats or flat boats down the Mississippi river, and received this coin in exchange, coming back thru the southern states, generally on horseback. The denominations were dollars, half-dollars, quarters, eleven-penny bits (12½ cents), and five-penny bits (6¼ cents), and also big coppers or cents. Gold was rarely seen. There was no national currency. Paper money was issued by the state banks, and every farmer who handled any money worth while had to keep a monthly bank-note detector, with plates of the genuine and the counterfeit. The notes of Pennsylvania and Kentucky were generally good, but those of the western states, even if genuine, were extremely doubtful, and it was hardly safe for the farmer to keep them over night. We did not then have the variety of money, all good, that we have now—gold certificates, silver certificates, greenbacks, national bank notes, money orders, express orders, etc. There was no temptation to hoard money except gold or silver.

A Glimpse of the Big World

UNTIL I was thirteen years old, I had never been away from home, save to church and town, three miles away, except once. I shall never forget this journey, twelve miles. I was never on a railroad train until I was eighteen, when I attended the state fair at Pittsburgh, held in what is now one of the finest residential portions of that city. The only impression that remains of the state fair is an exhibition of a reaper. I forget the name of the patentee, but we called it the man-binder, because the binding attachment was an imitation of a man, with a long arm which reached around when the sheaf was cut, gathered it up with the fingers, pressed it against an iron apron, swung one-third around, and dropped the sheaf. I might say here that my father bought the first one in that part of the country, as he usually bought the first improved machinery. I remember that it cost $300, and I remember the crowd of neighbors who came to see the wonderful piece of machinery. It was superseded in a year by the McCormick, with its simpler method of delivering the sheaf. (All this by the way; pardon an old man for digressing.)

When I was thirteen years of age, my father's youngest brother, Daniel, came unexpectedly to our home. He was a man of commanding presence, and the neighbors, when they became acquainted with him, involuntarily gave him the same profound respect which they had been accustomed to give to my father. He was about thirty years of age, had evidently read much for so young a man, was a fine conversationalist, and his coming gave me a glimpse—a slight glimpse, it is true—of the big world. He was born in the north of Ireland, on the same farm, of course, as my father, and as the famine had been raging there for two years, I learned why my father, the year before, had shipped some corn for the relief of the Irish people.

The fireside talks in the evening became intensely interesting. He told us of the famine caused by potato rot, which lost to Ire-

land, in a very few years, one-fourth of her population—thru death and emigration. I then learned of my paternal grandfather, Henry Wallace. I got the impression that he was a quiet, thoughtful sort of man. I remember my uncle telling my father that their father was deeply affected when people left the neighborhood to go to America. His thought was of his oldest son. I was much interested also in the accounts of my grandmother, who went by the name of Betty McHenry, that being her maiden name. I got the impression that she was a very strong character—industrious, aggressive, domineering, resolute—who ruled my grandfather, possibly the family; who never saw any girl good enough for any of her boys; who, in short, was the dominating force. Subsequent visits to the old home neighborhood in Ireland have convinced me that my impression was about right. She evidently was not the most agreeable woman to be with, but she put "ginger" into the family. With all this, she was exceedingly kind and helpful, especially to the poor. The neighbors in that locality still talk of Betty McHenry's soup, which was given freely to hungry people, as they passed the place coming from the fair, most of them dinnerless. I learned of my Uncle Henry, another strong character, and my Uncle William, perhaps equally strong, who was pastor of a church. These things may not be especially interesting to you, but they were intensely interesting to me at that time.

My uncle stayed with us the first winter, and many were the discussions to which I listened, to use the old saying, "with both mouth and ears." He was an aristocrat, and believed, as the name implies, in the rule of the "best." My father was a democrat, using the word in its true sense, believing in the rule of the common people. My father was an abolitionist, while my uncle believed that the colored people were best where they were, and were unfitted for freedom. Naturally, in after years, when questions growing out of the war came up for discussion, my uncle became a democrat and my father a very strong republican.

At this time, the repeal of the corn laws, next to the famine, was the great subject of discussion in Ireland. Naturally, my uncle believed in cheap bread for the starving people, and hence was a free-trader, and my father was a protectionist; for I may say that the repeal of the corn laws was simply a question of free trade or protection. My father argued that to encourage importation by free trade or low tariff was simply importing everything that went into the thing imported. He would say: "We have coal in plenty; we have iron ore. Why not enact a tariff that will encourage the development of infant industries?" He argued that competition

among manufacturers would keep down the price. My uncle argued that the nations were really one family—that each one could produce something cheaper than another; that every man had a right to buy where he could buy cheapest; that raw materials for manufacturing were abundant and labor cheap, and that industries would be developed naturally in due time.

This was my first introduction to the tariff question, which has not been settled yet. I think my father was right at that time. He could not foresee, nor could anyone else, the combinations that have come up since, and the possibility of infant industries being developed at the expense of the common people until they were able to dominate congress and therefore the government.

In those times, before the questions growing out of the war became prominent, people who were at all religiously inclined thought a good deal on religious questions. One of the subjects that was discussed in public meetings, some of them attended by hundreds and even thousands, was the issues between the Presbyterians and Methodists, or, as they were then called, the Calvinists and the Armenians. My father was a staunch Calvinist, and my uncle—whether for the sake of argument or from conviction, I do not know—took the other side, and the fireside arguments were often quite warm. I remember one time in particular, when my father sat on one side of the fireplace and my uncle on the other, both with their feet on the mantel. My uncle, to give emphasis to his argument, pushed his foot against the mantel, and, as he was a large man, this shoved the hickory chair backward. Being made of wood cut across the grain, it broke in perhaps half a dozen pieces. My uncle, however, never stirred until he had finished his argument. When he had finished, he gathered himself up and remarked: "John, I believe I have broken this chair, and will have to get it mended."

One thing impressed me very much, that neither of them interrupted the other in the course of an argument, but waited until he was entirely thru. My father would say: "Are you thru, Daniel?" or my uncle would ask: "John, are you thru?" If at any time, there was a variation from this method—and this I have since observed is common with gentlemen everywhere, one or the other would say: "I beg your pardon," or "Allow me," or "Wait a moment, if you please."

Another question that came up was that of Psalmody. My uncle, being a member of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, was accustomed to the occasional use in public worship of paraphrases, that is, portions of Scripture outside of the Book of [illegible], [illegible]

lated or converted into rhyme. My father did not believe in uninspired compositions in the worship of God. My uncle would quote the text about "Psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." My father would argue that these were simply different terms applied to different Psalms of different character, and that this was really the strongest possible argument in favor of the use of the Psalms of David in worship. My uncle would quote the Lord's Prayer, and argue that if my father's argument was correct, we should limit ourselves to the use of that prayer. My father would quote, "after this manner pray ye," and argue that this was intended simply to give the main heads of our petitions, and that the words were not to be used exclusively. As a clincher, my father would say something about the iniquity of "offering strange fire to the Lord," referring to an event in the wilderness of Sinai well known to Bible readers. I do not think, however, that he meant to press this home very closely.

After the first winter, my uncle engaged in business, but was a frequent visitor at our home, and when business was slack, would spend a week or more, during which these discussions, and in later years the questions that at that time occupied the public mind, would be gone over and over again, much to the edification of us young folks, and especially myself, as I was the oldest of the children.

My Uncle Daniel was a man of a good deal of tact. My father and my Uncle Billy had got into trouble, as farmers have done ever since, over a line fence. Uncle Billy's house was off the main road, and he had been accustomed to reach this road thru what we called the bottom field, on which the timber had been deadened so as to allow the field to grow up in pasture. When my father fenced, he put the fence on the line, arguing that my uncle had a way thru his own land out to the road, and that he was therefore under no obligations to give him the right-of-way. The coolness thus started continued for years, neither of the men speaking to the other. One day they met accidentally at the postoffice, my Uncle Daniel being present. He had talked with me over the cause of the dispute, and I had taken him over and introduced him to Uncle Billy. When they met at the postoffice, my Uncle Daniel, with great formality, said: "Mr. Ross, allow me to introduce to you my brother, John. I am sure you will like him." Both laughed, shook hands, and were friends ever after.

One night I overheard my father and Uncle Daniel when they were having a confidential talk by the kitchen fire. My uncle had just been over to see Uncle Billy, and I heard him say:

"John, what are you going to do with Henry?"

My father, after a long pause, said: "Deed if I know."

"His uncle is very fond of him," said Uncle Daniel.

"Oh," said my father; "Henry has a great gift of gab, and that pleases his uncle."

They were speaking, of course, of my future vocation. My Uncle Daniel and I were warm friends, as long as he lived, with occasional rather nasty disagreements, which we settled when we next met by never mentioning them, and going on as if nothing had happened. This I have since found to be about the only way to settle disputes between friends. The more you try to prove which is in the wrong, the less friendship there remains. Disputes among really good people, or people who intend to do right, usually grow out of some misunderstanding about something too trifling to justify discussion.

Uncle Daniel was the first of a number of relatives that came to our home from Ireland in the early fifties. The next was my cousin, Henry Wallace, whom we usually called "Little Henry," because of his small stature; then a second cousin, Gideon McHenry —both of whom became citizens of the United States. My father was a firm believer in the value of work, particularly of work on the farm. Hence, after the first greetings were over, these young men took their places in the ordinary farm work until an opening should be provided thru which they could push their individual fortunes. I owe very much to Gideon McHenry. I think he was one of the most sincere, faithful and conscientious men I have ever known. He and I slept together, and I was much impressed with the fact that no matter how cold the night, he always knelt at the bedside and prayed before retiring.

Our home was also a favorite place with some cousins on my mother's side. Hence there was no lack of company at our house in the early fifties.

The Whisky Rebellion

I ALLUDED in an earlier letter to the whisky rebellion, and promised to tell you something of it. It may seem strange that a community composed largely of Presbyterians should organize a whisky rebellion. This is not so surprising when we come to know the facts. This rebellion occurred long before my time, during Washington's first administration. At that time, the facilities for transportation were very limited. There were no national roads and no canals. It was not possible to freight produce over the mountains, nor in any other way except by building boats of some sort and floating it down the river, selling it at New Orleans. The Continental money had become worthless thru depreciation, and the phrase, "not worth a Continental," was common. State banking systems had not been developed, and the only way money could be obtained for produce was by floating the produce down the river and exchanging it for Spanish coin.

The most convenient thing to float down the river was whisky, because it had great value in small bulk; and, besides, if the boat struck a snag and sank, the whisky barrels could be thrown out into the river and would still float; whereas, even flour would be damaged, and wheat ruined. Hence the farmers in that section of Pennsylvania converted their surplus grain into whisky. Distilleries were common all thru the country.

The west, or what we then called "the Ohio," was then a wilderness, inhabited by Indians. The government, under Washington, put a tax on the manufacture of whisky. Settlers who were dependent on the proceeds of the sale of their whisky felt that this was a violent invasion of their rights, and took up arms. When the Civil War broke out, I had an interview with General Markle, who was a general of militia. He told me that he was one of the "whisky boys," the only one that I ever met, that I then knew; tho, in fact, I had met several, who kept their connection with it very quiet. He said it was one thing that he was most thoroly ashamed

of, and told me about how many times they had changed commanders in marching eighteen miles. There was, in fact, but one battle fought (in an adjoining county); and I do not know that there was anybody killed in that battle, but there were several wounded. General Washington sent troops into our neighborhood. My grandfather used to tell me about keeping store and selling goods to the troops, and he had in his house a piece of an exploded bombshell. Whether it was exploded during the whisky rebellion or during the march of Washington to the relief of Fort Duquesne (now Pittsburgh), I do not remember. The expedition of "Mad Anthony" Wayne against the Ohio Indians, by attracting the more resolute and adventuresome, and giving promise of the opening up of that country, did much to quell the rebellion. Farmers found that the whisky tax, like the tea tax levied on the original colonies, and against which they rebelled, did not amount to very much anyhow, and I believe it was shortly afterwards repealed.

You may be interested in knowing something about the feelings of the people of my early day on the subject of temperance. Distilleries were found on the farms occasionally, and were plentiful at convenient places along the streams. Every tavern had its bar. You could get a gallon of whisky at any time for twenty-five cents. Afterwards it was sold by the barrel as low as sixteen cents per gallon. Taking an occasional dram, or even more than an occasional one, did not shut a man out of good and respectable society. It was common to take whisky to the harvest field in connection with the "piece," or forenoon or afternoon lunch. It was common to serve it at harvest time or threshing. I remember when my father ceased to take it to the harvest field, and also when he ceased to offer it to his friends.

The consequence of this cheap whisky was to make a drunkard out of every person who was inclined that way; while those not so inclined abstained from everything except an occasional drink for "good fellowship." There was always a bottle of it in our cupboard, but we children never touched it unless it was given to us when we were sick. In short, at that time persons with proper religious training and convictions seldom used it to excess, tho they did in earlier days.

The first temperance movement was the Washingtonian movement, which occurred two or three years before I was born. Temperance lecturers came around to the schoolhouses and persuaded the people, old and young, to sign the pledge. Public sentiment gradually turned against the use of liquor, and has continued ever since. When the Civil War began, and a heavy revenue tax was

put on liquors, there was no opposition. It seemed the sensible thing to compel vice to pay a large part of the taxes. I should regard the restoration of the former conditions as one of the most deplorable things that could possibly happen to the American people.

My Uncle Andrew (my mother's youngest brother) told me that he was present at her wedding; that the officiating minister, a Scotchman who evidently was fond of a dram once in a while, when referring, during the ceremony, to the wedding at Cana of Galilee, began at once to denounce the Washingtonian movement, saying that a class of people had grown up in those later days, who condemned the use of wine, which the Lord had commended by His example, His miracle furnishing the wine for the wedding feast. This minister evidently regarded this as an example of modern degeneracy, a sign that the world was growing worse! I have since known, and still know, many of the descendants of this old preacher—and, without exception, they are strong prohibitionists.

My First Year From Home

IN my eighteenth year, after long and very serious consideration, I made a profession of religion. During that summer, I determined to devote myself to the gospel ministry. There were a great many family discussions over that important decision. My father, while not objecting, and, in fact, promising any aid that I needed, was very much disappointed because I did not continue on the farm. He was not a strong man. For a year or more, I had taken the heavy end of the work, while he did the planning. For a year or two, we had been tile draining a very considerable area of wet land on our farm. My leaving home was therefore a grievous financial and personal loss to my father. My Uncle Daniel, who was to me very like an older brother, was very anxious that I should become a lawyer. My mother wanted me to become a minister, and if I had determined to become a lawyer, it would almost have broken her heart, and my father would have given me no assistance.

My profession determined, the next thing was to select the school I should attend. I had at that time no education save that of a fairly good rural school. My mother had a cousin whose fad was education, and who had established what he called a college in Noble county, Ohio, in a country so hilly that they used to say they farmed both sides, and thirty miles from any national road, and about twenty miles from the Ohio river. This cousin was a character. He was a minister, a man of marked peculiarities, having an inimitable drawl, and to whose mind education was the all-important thing. My mother had a sister-in-law there, one of my father's old and intimate friends had moved to that locality; and so it was determined that I should go to Sharon College.

I shall never forget my first long journey from home. I went by stage 130 miles, leaving West Newton at four o'clock in the morning, arriving in Washington, Pennsylvania, at noon, and at Wheeling that night. I distinctly remember reading my chapter

in the Bible by a lamp-post in Wheeling. I took the stage and traveled all night, uphill and downhill, the stage swinging from one side to the other on the rough turnpike road, churning up my stomach and bringing on a violent attack of seasickness, which, however, was not more nauseous than the filthy conversation of a couple of drovers who were my traveling companions.

We reached Washington, Ohio, at four o'clock in the morning. I found every bed in the hotel full, as the court was in session. I had some trouble in waking up the negro porter to ascertain that fact, and, not feeling like eating breakfast, I started out to walk the thirty miles to Sharon College. How I found that road, I am sure I don't know; but after walking about six miles, and carrying all my belongings in an old-fashioned carpet bag, I struck a log farm house, with about forty big, black hogs, the biggest I had ever seen and the most I had ever seen together, in the yard adjoining. A kind old lady welcomed me, saw I was in need of mothering, made me some coffee and some elegant toast, following it up with a substantial breakfast, after which I was able to reach Sharon that evening. I have no recollection of having any dinner, but I did sometimes get a lift on a wagon.

You may be sure I was glad to get among my folks. I found that Sharon College was not much of a college, perhaps fifty or sixty pupils from the common school grades up. There was a chance to study arithmetic, algebra, English, the beginning of Latin grammar, and the translation of passages of Scripture into some sort of Latin—"dog Latin" we used to call it. I did not think it worth while to stay the year out, but went home in the spring.

Some incidents of my life in that school may amuse you. My cousin was the president, but did no teaching. He lived a mile out of town, and was a sort of agent for divers and sundry books and publications. How thoroly impractical he was you will understand when I tell you that he asked me to go with him three miles, one evening late in May, and carry home an old hive of bees. When we reached there, we found that the bees were lying outside by the handful; and it was with some difficulty that I persuaded him that for us to carry them home, uphill and downhill, would be impracticable. I complained about the hilliness of the country, and he informed me that the hills were the home of greatness, that the Bible itself was written in a hilly country, and then quoted the Psalm: "As round about Jerusalem the mountains stand alway."

I ran short of money toward spring, and my cousin persuaded me and a classmate of mine, Joe Walters, who afterwards entered

the ministry, that we could make a good deal of money if we would sell a lot of his books, pamphlets and tracts on commission at the county seat, Sarahsville. As the county court was in session that week, he said the town would be full, and many would be hungry for something to read. He offered to furnish a team and buggy, the books at cost price, and divide the profits.

We started at daylight, over about as miserable a road as could be imagined, for the frost was going out of the ground. He furnished us with large posters, with which he advised us to post the town, and said that one of us should stay in the parlor of the hotel to sell books to customers, and that the other should drum them in. We made some paste, borrowed a brush, and billed the town. Joe felt that he was the best man to drum them in, while I was to stay at the hotel, waiting for the customers. Alas! none came.

On our way to Sarahsville, we had sold about 37 cents' worth of pamphlets, not enough for our dinner and horse feed. So we went without dinner and paid 12½ cents for horse feed. I told him that I did not think he was a very good hand at drumming them in, and I would try it myself, which I did. I bumped into everybody, and once struck four farmers who were very much interested in some discussion. My cousin had convinced us that the best seller would be "The Life of Charles Ball," an escaped slave and fugitive. So I butted in, exhibiting a copy and telling them of the wonderful escape and tribulations of this fugitive. They paid no attention to me for a little bit; but finally one of them, a large, portly farmer, who would weigh two hundred or over, said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, till I settle this Yankee."

As I expatiated upon the adventures of Charles Ball, he said: "Do you know if this Charles Ball is any relation to the Ball who is in jail for murder?"

I was obliged to confess that I did not; but that knocked the wind out of me. I went back to the hotel, and found that Joe had not sold a cent's worth. Neither had I, so we concluded to give it up as a bad job.

We were both ravenously hungry, and Joe, who was a Disciple, said that he had an old Disciple friend on the way home, and that probably he would give us supper. Before we struck him, however, I saw an old gentleman hoeing in a garden, and I attacked him with Charles Ball. He looked at me a little bit and said:

"I am an old man. I am preparing for death; and if you have

Boston's 'Future State' or Alleine's 'Alarm to the Unconverted', I would like one of them."

I said I did not have them.

"Then have you Baxter's 'Saints' Rest'?"

I said no.

"Then you have nothing that will suit me. You may pass on."

And we passed. We reached Joe's friend just before supper. We had had a light breakfast and no dinner, were both young and hungry as hounds. I remember some things distinctly that were on that table—an enormous platter of boiled meat, a large dish of old-fashioned hominy (prepared by boiling in lye water and then washing off the lye and the hulls with it), and some bread, butter and potatoes. There was also splendid coffee. It is needless to say that we did full justice to that repast. After staying with the old friend till ten o'clock, we started home, and arrived at two in the morning. Our total sales had been less than 50 cents, our expenses 12½ cents, and we considered it was not worth while to divide. The experience was worth more than the money. I have never tried to sell books since.

In June, I bade good-bye to Sharon College, walked to Marietta, where my mother had a second cousin, and took a steamboat from there home. I remember that part of the way at least I rode on a steamboat called the Diurnal, I suppose because it started out every other day from one of the terminal points. I remember that the feeding was fine and the company mixed; but judge of my disgust with the slow speed when at a certain point I saw the railroad paralleling the river.

My cousin, as I have remarked before, was a character. He had married a lovely woman, who died while I was there. She had three children, all girls. The first he named Jemimah, the second Keziah, and the third Kerenhappuch, after Job's three daughters. He married again shortly, and his second wife presented him with twins, a boy and a girl. The boy he named Nero Lincoln and the girl Nerina Hamlin. With all his peculiarities, he was a most devout Christian. When the war broke out, he entered the army as a private, rose to be chaplain, and made a great reputation in his own church by his letters from the army. They were peculiar in this respect—they told exactly what happened and in the plainest language, much after the style of Boswell Johnson.

After a while, some railroad presented him with five acres of land in Missouri, on the condition that he build a college, which he did, traveling over the country to secure needed funds, in a buggy drawn by a pair of bronchos. Many years afterwards he

drove another pair of bronchos to my mother's house. They slipped on the icy pavement while he was hitching them, and my mother gave him twenty-five dollars and told him to go and get his horses shod—which I am quite sure he did not do.

His college, supplemented by preaching in vacancies in his church, never made him a living. He insured his life in one of those fraternal insurance companies which in those days offered insurance far below cost. He finally took consumption. The assessments became heavier as the assessed advanced in years. He allowed his payments to be in default. A personal friend of his notified me of the fact, saying he would soon be compelled to declare his policy defaulted, that he could not live very long, and asked me to carry it for him, which I did. I mention this because I got a lesson in "cheap insurance." It cost me $11 a month, sometimes $22; so that I was out about $150 in a little over a year, carrying a policy of $2,000. I was glad, however, to be able to turn it over to his wife, who richly deserved it.

My Second Year From Home

I RETURNED home and went to work on the farm. The weather was warm, and it was pretty hard work, not having been accustomed to it for six months; but my mother kindly sent me out a "piece" about half-past ten, for the first day or two.

I was undecided where to go next. I thought of going to Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, thirty miles from home; but was satisfied that I was unprepared to enter even the freshman class. My father had an old friend, James McYeal (which the neighbors pronounced "Muckyale"), who had a son whom I knew fairly well, tho several years older than myself. The families had been intimate for many years, my father and Mr. McYeal having been elders in the same church, and sitting in adjoining pews. The son had just graduated from an eastern college, but persuaded me to attend a year or two at an academy, sometimes called a college, in which he had received the main part of his education. This was Geneva Hall, located at Northwood, a very small village some three miles from Belle Center, and eight miles from Bellefontaine, in Logan county, Ohio.

Not having as yet decided, I went there, going by rail to Crestline. On this journey, I had a very severe attack of seasickness, or rather train-sickness, for in my later journeys on the ocean, I have never been more than slightly seasick, and that only the first time. Thinking to get over it, I ate no dinner, and for supper ate some cakes that had caraway seeds in them, which I had bought at Crestline. Singularly enough, I have never to this day been able to enjoy eating anything with caraway seed in it. Mental suggestion, of course.

I changed cars and went to Rushsylvania, and then walked five miles thru the native woods to Northwood. When I describe it, you will think it a queer town and a queer place for a college. There were perhaps thirty or forty houses, the main buildings of the college and female seminary, and three churches, all Covenanters, and no others. None of the three Covenanter churches were

in communion with each other. The first was the Old School, the second the New School, and the third a "Steelite" church, the pastor of which was a blind man named Peebles. The difference between the old and the new school was that the members of the new would vote, which the members of the other would not. What was the particular difference between the "Steelite" and the old and new schools, I have never been able to understand.

It was distinctly a Covenanter community. The Covenanters are the descendants of the old Scotch Covenanters or "Cameronians," the strictest of the strict Presbyterians. The voice of joy and praise from the "tabernacles of the righteous" was heard "duly and daily," morning and evening—a song, a lengthy passage from the Scriptures, and a long prayer. At the table, a blessing was invariably asked, and as invariably thanks were returned at the end of the meal. The sermons were such as I have described as being the custom at my own home, only, if anything, longer. There was no prayer-meeting, but a meeting of the members called "Society," for prayer and the discussion of religious topics.

The type of character of these people is something that is rarely seen except in congregations of the same church that linger here and there to this day. It seemed to me that every man had what I called the "Covenanter head"; and when you find a man with the Covenanter head, you had better be careful about getting into an argument with him; for he usually knows what he is talking about, and is apt to be as good a judge of stock as of theology.

It was not long before I ran up against what seemed to me peculiar doctrines. When I inquired why they did not vote, I was told that it was because they would not take the oath of allegiance. When I asked why they would not take the oath of allegiance to support the government, I was told that the government was irreligious, and, as one of the boys afterwards said in a debate, "in league with hell," tho the elders would not put it that strong. In other words, the government did not recognize specifically and directly God as the Supreme Ruler and Jesus as the Supreme Source of all authority. Many were the arguments I had, especially with the students, on this question. They would point to the Morocco treaty, in which it was distinctly stated by the secretary of state that the United States was not a Christian nation. They would point to slavery (for remember that this was in the winter of 1855-1856), and to the fact that both the political parties were bound hand and foot to the slave interests.

Northwood was one of the stations on the "underground railway." There was a regular line of stations from Cincinnati to

Sandusky. Negroes were brought in covered wagons, covered over with straw or corn stalks or bedding, to the station after nightfall, and, after being bountifully fed, were carried on the next night to the next "underground station." If any of the Covenanter students were absent from their classes, we generally knew where they had gone, and asked no questions. When one of my chums, who lived on a farm, came down to breakfast one winter morning, he found nine runaway negroes getting an early breakfast. They had arrived during the night, and would be hid till the next night, and then taken on their way to freedom in Canada.

With some of the other boys, I boarded with a most excellent old gentleman named Trumbull, half a mile out in the country. He was a very curious compound of native Yankee and thorobred Scotchman, having been reared in Vermont from Scotch or Scotch-Irish Covenanter stock. He was not very much of a farmer, but a great student of theology, and presented me almost from the first some very knotty problems—for example: "Who were the one hundred and forty-four thousand who stood with the Lamb on Mount Sinai?" He intimated to me that he thought they were the Covenanters! I told him that I thought if he would read the passage thru carefully, that he would see that the majority of the Covenanters would be excluded. (You will see why if you read the passage.) He had a theory of the millenium which I could never understand, but included in it was the idea that the ponds, which abounded in that section, would be dried up; and it would be something like the Garden of Eden restored. I could not help but predict that the ponds would not be dried up, nor the corduroy roads rendered comfortable for travel, unless there was a vigorous use of the spade, both on the ditches and the roads.

My room-mate was an old friend who followed me from Pennsylvania—Dick Shaw. He, too, was aiming for the ministry; but his educational career came to an untimely end in a very singular way. A young farmer named Johnson had a peach orchard not far from the house where we roomed. There were peaches in great abundance. My friend Shaw and I rented the peach orchard for our own eating for the season, or, rather, we paid 25 cents apiece (or perhaps that amount for both; I do not remember now). The owner guaranteed the peaches to last six weeks. As a matter of fact, they lasted but five weeks, but we did not ask for a rebate. We were to have all that we could eat or throw at each other, if we had a mind to—but we must not give any to the other boys. We went to that orchard "daily and duly," ate what we wanted, threw them at each other when in that mood, brought home what

we pleased; but, unfortunately, my friend caught the ague. I had never seen a case of that kind before, and I was appalled when he "took a shake," usually in the forenoon, and shook till the bedstead rattled. He was obliged to quit school and become a farmer. He proved to be a most excellent one, however, and is living yet (1911), all on account of that unfortunate renting of a peach orchard. He did not know, nor did any of us, that malaria was carried by mosquitoes, and that there are mosquitoes wherever there are ponds in the summer-time. If he did not make a preacher, he made a first-class elder, which is almost as good. I had a delightful visit with him in June, 1911.

Mr. Trumbull had a brother who was noted for long prayers and long blessings at the table. The boys were told that when the bell rang during morning prayers, they would be excused. One day his daughter knocked at my door and said:

"You need not come to dinner till fifteen minutes after the bell rings."

I asked why.

"Well," she answered, "Uncle James is to be here. Mother usually does not ask him to return thanks, because his blessing is so long that she is afraid the things will get cold; but today she is going to ask him to ask the blessing."

I waited fifteen minutes after the bell rang, and was in plenty of time for the dinner.

I was intimate with one other family, that of Samuel P. Johnson, a farmer; a man who, in type of mind, bent of character, age and experience, was so nearly like John Brown, of Osawattamie, that if I were to see their photographs today, I would not know one from the other. He was more of a theologian than farmer, and studied profoundly the problems of government and the history of churches from the standpoint of Calvinistic theology of the strictest kind. I have the best of reason to believe that he kept a station on the "underground railway." He was one of the main supports of both the college and the female seminary.

I go into these details because the environment of a college, the kind of people who support it, and the religious influences by which it is surrounded are not the least important part of an education. I have been glad ever since that I went to Geneva Hall, not merely for the thoro character of the instruction—of which more hereafter—but because I was brought into close contact with a class of people who, whatever may be their short-comings, were profound thinkers, and did not hesitate to carry their convictions to their proper conclusions so far as was humanly possible.

The Small College

THE small college, whether in the nineteenth or the twentieth century, has this great advantage over the large one, that the pupils can get in closer touch with the professors. For obvious reasons, the small denominational college can get a bigger man for the same salary. If the small college has even one big man, the student is likely to get more benefit from this than from an even bigger man in a larger college, for the simple reason that it is easier to get in touch with the best thing in the college, a Man. In the larger school, almost the entire instruction must be given by men of little reputation, men of whom the student has probably never heard until he entered the classroom. He seldom gets very close to the man of reputation connected with the school.

I was very fortunate. When I went to Geneva Hall, I was thrown in close touch with some really big men. The biggest of them was a man long since dead, named Doctor Sloan, then about forty years of age. He was bred in the east, had evidently received a very thoro training, and had moved in the very best society. He was a thoro teacher, and took a lively personal interest in every boy connected with the school. He knew how to get work out of boys without formally requiring it of them. I remember very well the first day I met him. They were organizing the classes at the beginning of the session. The class of which my recollection is most vivid was that in Latin, text-book, Caesar. I knew a little Latin grammar, but did not know that thoroly, and one of the professors said that I could not keep up with the work of that class. Fortunately, there seemed no place else to put me, and Doctor Sloan said: "Put Wallace in; he'll get thru all right." I felt greatly encouraged by that. The first day the doctor sat and looked at us a bit; and, as I was at the end of the seat, he said:

"Wallace, what did you come here for?"

I stammered out, after a time: "To get an education."

"An education—what is an education?"

After he had, so to speak, chased me around the room with that sort of a prod, he said: "Well, what do you want with an education?" Then, after a while: "How do you expect to get it?" He wound up his examination of each one of us—for he treated us all alike in order—with: "What do you want to do with an education when you get it?" And that was the first day's recitation in Caesar!

I wondered what would come next. The next day, he simply asked one of the boys to hand him a book, and motioned for us to begin translating. If there was a wrong accent, he twisted a lock of hair which hung behind his right ear; if a wrong quantity, he frowned; if a wrong pronunciation, he gave a peculiar stamp with his right foot. We came in a little while to the third sentence in the first book of Caesar. It went around the class, and nobody could translate it. He simply handed back the book and said: "That will do until tomorrow," and when we came back the next day he began with that sentence. That was his method of teaching Caesar. I do not know how the other boys felt about it, but I made up my mind that I would have that lesson if I sat up all night to get it; and I had it. Only in extremely difficult passages did he give us any direct help. We had to get it ourselves.

Then he had us visit him in the evening, one or two at a time, and talked with us about our parents and our aims in life. I was a very awkward boy in those days, and not very particular about my clothes. His wife, a very refined lady, and evidently accustomed to the best society, one evening called my attention to this and said I would succeed a great deal better if I would be more particular about my appearance. He said:

"Well, that's all right. She is giving you good advice; but I would advise you not to neglect your studies to take on polish. If you master your studies, there will be something to polish, and that will come by and by."

Then we had Doctor Milligan, who, I afterwards learned during a long friendship lasting until his death, was only four or five years older than myself. He was a most genial man, who knew how to enlist the boys' sympathies, and was constantly pointing them to higher things. Other professors we had—good ones, very good drill-masters, who insisted on thoroness—but they failed to grip me as did these two men.

The course of study was not an extensive one, nor nearly so large nor so long as in the best high schools of the early part of the twentieth century, and was mainly adapted to fitting men for a professional life. Outside of the professions there was nothing

vocational about it. English grammar, composition, higher arithmetic, algebra, plane and spherical geometry, trigonometry, Latin, Greek and Hebrew—the latter in the senior year. These and work in the literary societies were the main features of the education we received in that school. The main object was to make preachers; and an unusually large number of the students became preachers, and are sporting "D. D.'s" and "LL. D.'s" to this day.

Education was cheap in those days; and perhaps it may be regarded from the modern viewpoint as rather cheap education in itself. I do not think I ever paid as much as four dollars a week for board and room—usually two and a half or three. The board was usually good; and I wish I could enjoy now as hearty a breakfast as I did at my first boarding-place, where they had splendid "flapjacks," pancakes swimming in genuine maple syrup made on the farm. We had these nearly every morning, or else buckwheat cakes (home-grown), hot from the griddle, and plenty of good butter, country-cured ham, and fresh eggs in season.

The rooms were bare, seldom carpeted. A wash bowl and a pitcher served for all ablutions, and we invariably threw the dirty water out of the window; for there was no sewer, and this was the easiest way of disposing of it. I shall never forget one incident while I was at Jefferson College, two years afterwards, and rooming in the second story. I used rainwater which had a plentiful supply of soot in it, being in a coal county, and when I threw the dirty water out of the window, as usual, it came squarely on top of the bald head of my landlord, who happened to be passing under that window at the time. I saw him after I had tipped the basin, and began profuse apologies. He must have been a saint of a ripe degree of grace; for he only looked up and said: "Did I ever!" I do not think, however, that he ever got rid of a suspicion that I did it on purpose—which I did not.

The streets of the little village of Northwood were simply country roads poorly worked; the sidewalks simply one oak board, about a foot wide, on which men usually walked alone, but on which I observed that a boy and a girl could walk together and balance fairly well.

I remember but one case of disciplining, involving, however, two persons. There are cranks in colleges as well as elsewhere, and we had one, a queer fellow, who wore in summer a hat of straw with as wide a brim as the broadest of the ladies' hats in the year 1910. This brim was held up by a string on each side. In the summer he went barefooted, and wore a gown of some sort which reached down to his feet. He argued with the boys that it was

wrong to take the life of any animal, even that of the most offensive insect. He argued also that we should eat nothing that was not grown in our own immediate environment. Hence, he abjured tea, coffee, spices and sugar, except maple. He refused to cut either his hair or beard. He said he was fitting himself as a missionary to Afghanistan; and we all wished he were there. He made some slighting remarks about the girls with whom two of the older boys were going, and naturally incurred their special enmity. On election night, the fourth of November, 1856, these boys waylaid him as he was passing thru a vacant room in the college, which had not been swept that summer. There was a struggle, and much hair and gore were found on the floor in the morning. In taking off his long hair, which he had refused to have cut, they also took some of his scalp with it. Of course, an offense of this kind could not be overlooked, and the boys were suspended; but they had no difficulty in entering another college of the same grade, or a higher one, in the same classes.

Longfellow had made Hiawatha famous at that time, and many were the sheets of paper spoiled by descriptions of this tragic scene in Hiawatha style. I spoiled a number myself, but can only remember the beginning of one: "On the fourth night of November," in which were references to the silvery moon, a sky overcast with clouds, and untrodden snow, and stars as they looked down upon the scene.

There were few amusements as an outlet for the pent-up energies of students; no baseball, no football, no tennis, no gymnasium. There was an occasional visit with some one of the boys at his home in the country, a visit to the nearest town, and a supper at the hotel with some girl friend, a day's hunting for wild turkeys, which were not numerous, and for squirrels, both the black and the gray—these furnished about all the diversion we had.

Generally speaking, we were hard-working, earnest students. The second year, I was in the habit of getting up at four o'clock, which I would not like to do now. I studied till six, then had breakfast and an hour's walk, if the roads were dry or frozen. There were recitations in the forenoon, an hour for dinner, some recitations in the afternoon, an hour for supper, and then study till ten. We made much of our literary societies, and fierce was the rivalry between students for society as well as class honors. I was once foolish enough to rejoice over the defeat of one of my rivals by declaiming in my turn at "Woolsey's Lament," with variations: "Adieu, a last adieu to all my greatness!" At the next night he, with similar variations, declaimed something about

Napoleon's decline, fall and banishment to Elba. It taught me a lesson, "not to rejoice when thy enemy falleth." I richly deserved the unmerciful scoring I received.

I, with some of the other boys, had been on a sleigh-ride to a little town called Roundhead. On the way home, our sleigh broke down, and we borrowed a log chain from a farmer without asking his consent, intending, of course, to return it. The farmer was furious, and came to town the next day, demanding our arrest. Of course we settled with the farmer; but my friend, in his declamation, told about being born of noble Scottish ancestry, and when he came to the passage, "his flight from Moscow confirmed his descent," substituted, "his flight from Roundhead"! I happened to be censor that evening, and managed to pay the highest compliments to my castigator, much to the amusement of the boys.

And yet, looking back over more than half a century, I feel that I owe this fellow a good deal. He and I never did get along. One day he said something particularly mean about me at the boarding-house, which rankled even when the family were at worship; and then and there it occured to me that I would take advantage of the fact that a room had been left vacant by one of the students who had been suspended, and change my boarding house, with this further advantage, that I would have a room to myself. While there I became acquainted with a young lady much older than myself, who was boarding at the same house, and thru her, two years later, I had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the lady who became my wife. Thus do the most trifling things, to which we pay no attention at the time, shape our destiny. Some call it chance, some luck; I call it Providence. Just think of what a difference it might have made in the Wallace family, if I had not fallen out with this schoolmate over a trifling remark, changed my boarding-place, and perhaps had remained an old bachelor, or perchance married a less noble woman than your great-grandmother!

Last spring (1911), the American Magazine saw fit to publish a sketch of my life. A few weeks afterward, I received a letter from a professor in a college out in Utah, stating that he supposed I was the same chap who took part in a chicken dinner in the room of one of the students, the chickens for which had been "borrowed" (like the log chain) from a farmer whom the boys greatly disliked. He called my attention to the moot court which was held on the college campus on a dark night, in which he says I acted as judge, arraigned the culprits, sentenced them to deliver to the farmer resolutions of regret that anyone connected with

the college had been guilty of interfering with his feathered flock, promising that it should never occur again, if the discipline of the students could prevent it, and that they should pay him one dollar —more than twice what two tough old hens were worth then. I had really forgotten all about the moot court, but have an indistinct recollection of the feast, the chickens for which I suspect were feloniously purloined! I presume that human nature in college is now, and always will be, much as it was then and always has been.

My Third Year From Home

MY third year from home was my second year at Geneva Hall. College life flowed on much the same as the year before, with this difference, that the discussions in the literary societies and elsewhere took on a more distinctly political phase; for this was the year 1856, when the great Republican party, which has been in power most of the time since, first became a national organization. For many years, the two great political parties had been the Whig and the Democrat. The Democrats had been in power, except for eight years, since 1832. The great leaders of both parties at this date were pro-slavery partisans. There was an anti-slavery element in both parties, but it was regarded by the leaders of each as insurgent, and therefore dangerous, and liable, if allowed to make headway, to disturb the repose and interfere with business. The south was for the most part Democratic and for free trade, or, more accurately, for a tariff for revenue only, because it was almost purely agricultural, and sold its main crop, cotton, in a foreign market, in which it had practically a monopoly. It wished to purchase supplies as cheaply as possible. The north was mainly Whig, and advocated protection, because it contained practically all the manufacturing plants of the nation, and wished competition barred, or at least limited, by a protective tariff which would enable it to put up the price of its goods.

The south was in the main pro-slavery, because it was believed that cotton could not be grown without slave labor; while the north had gotten rid of its slaves, mainly because it did not pay to keep them. In the mountain regions of the south, and on the higher and drier soils of the valleys, cotton growing was impossible. Hence, these were the Whig strongholds, while Democracy flourished in such states as Pennsylvania, where, at that time, the main business was agriculture. The great business interests of the north were friendly to the south, because they financed and handled the cotton, whether for export or home manufacture.

Among the better classes of both parties conscience slept, and self-interest or supposed self-interest mainly regulated conduct. This is the tendency of human nature in any and every age. In various ways this sleeping conscience of the American people had been aroused. I need not tell you of the events that led up to the Missouri compromise, in 1820, by which all land in the Louisiana purchase north of latitude 36:30, except Missouri, was decreed to be forever free from slavery; nor of the acquisition of Texas for the purpose of extending slavery; nor of the territory given as indemnity by Mexico, out of which we have carved California, Nevada and Utah; nor of the rush of northern people to California on account of the discovery of gold, and of the Mormons to Utah; nor of the enactment of the fugitive slave law in 1850. You will find all of that, and much more like it, in your school histories—or at least ought to find it. I am not writing a history of any sort, but am trying to tell you how things political looked to a sophomore student in a strong anti-slavery locality in the years 1856 and 1857.

In the fifties, Stephen A. Douglas was the most potent force in the United States senate. He had introduced and secured the passage of the bill called the Nebraska-Kansas act, which repealed the Missouri compromise and freed those states and all other territory open to settlement to slavery, provided the bill was enacted into law. This was the famous, plausible and seductive doctrine of "squatter sovereignty." This aroused the public to the danger, and the more so because Uncle Tom's Cabin (written by Harriet Beecher Stowe in 1852, and of which 300,000 copies were said to have been sold the first year) had laid bare the conditions in the slave-holding states, and had aroused the national conscience. The fugitive slave law made every man a slave-catcher—if his services were demanded by the United States marshal—and imposed a fine of a thousand dollars and imprisonment on every man who harbored, aided or abetted any runaway slave.

The Dred Scott decision, rendered by the circuit court of the United States in 1857, confirmed the constitutionality of the fugitive slave law, and stripped the fugitive of every right to liberty in a free state. I quote from that decision, premising in the first place that Dred Scott was a negro, the slave of an army officer stationed in Missouri, who took him, in 1834, to Illinois, where slavery was prohibited by the state law, and then to what is now Minnesota, where slavery was prohibited by the Missouri compromise. In 1838, the officer returned to Missouri with Scott, where the latter learned that a previous decision of the Missouri courts

made him a free man. In 1848, his master gave him a beating, and he brought suit against him for assault and battery, and the court gave him a verdict. In 1852, the supreme court of the state reversed the decision of the lower court. His master than sold Scott to a citizen of New York; and, on the ground that he and his new owner were citizens of different states, he brought suit against him for assault in the federal circuit court of Missouri. The case finally reached the supreme court, and that court declared that Scott was not a citizen of Missouri, and hence had no standing in the federal courts; that a slave was only a piece of property, and the owner could take it wherever he desired in the United States; that no negro could be a citizen of the United States; that the Missouri compromise was unconstitutional; and that neither congress nor the territorial government could prohibit slavery in the territories. With this statement of facts, we can realize the force of the decision delivered by Chief Justice Tawney:

"They (the negroes) had for more than a century before (the adoption of the constitution) been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior that they had no right which the white man was bound to respect, and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit."

You can see how this decision would stir up anti-slavery sentiment from one end of the country to the other; for, as a result, no man, no matter what his social standing, wealth or culture might be, knew when he was putting his life in jeopardy, and he would lose all standing if he championed the cause of a slave. Wendell Phillips, a man of the bluest blood, highest culture, and noblest character, the greatest orator of his age, and certainly the greatest I have ever heard, was regarded as a pariah and an outcast in cultured Boston. There had been for years a few pronounced abolitionists. They were treated with as great contempt and scorn as we would regard an anarchist in these opening days of the twentieth century. Ministers of the gospel in the north, who dared preach, even on Thanksgiving Day or on a fast day, against the evils of slavery, were very likely to create divisions in the church and lose financial support, and were therefore in danger of losing their pastoral charge. Solemn doctors of divinity in the south, and some in the north, preached eloquently on the text: "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Any opposition to this fugitive slave law was regarded as a viola-

tion of Paul's injunction to "obey the powers that be." The slave was told to follow the example of Onesimus and return to his master. Any assertion of "a higher law than the constitution" was regarded as next to high treason against the government of the United States. The letter of the constitution was worshiped as an idol, while the spirit of it was disregarded when dealing with slavery. You may think in reading this, that we were in those days a set of heathens; but I beg to remind you that we were no worse, taking into consideration our environment, than the people of any other decade have been since that day.

Disregarding party names, there were three leading phases of thought, and the masses swung backward and forward to one or the other of the three. First there was the abolitionist, who believed that slavery was wrong, a violation of fundamental human rights, utterly at variance with the declaration of independence and the spirit of the constitution. These demanded its immediate abolition, as in utter violation of the laws of God and the fundamental principles of just government. There was another class, who believed that slavery was right, a patriarchal institution in the main beneficial to both master and slave; and that the slave, if a human being at all—which some questioned—was happiest in a state of servitude. There was a third class who, while regarding the doctrine of squatter sovereignty as a violation of a sacred compact (the Missouri compromise) intended to be perpetual, regarded the fugitive slave law as a law, and held that while it was a law it should be obeyed. They believed that this law was utterly wrong, and could not stand the test of time, nor even of the courts. They were not willing to abolish slavery at once, but believed that eventually the nation could not be half slave and half free, but must be one thing or the other.

The great leader of this last class was Abraham Lincoln, altho in 1856 he was just beginning to appear as a great, potent moral and political force, looming above the horizon in the west.

It is no wonder then that during this third year at college, the questions discussed in the debating and literary societies and elsewhere were such as these: Is the fugitive slave law constitutional? If constitutional, should it be obeyed? Is the Dred Scott decision binding on the Christian? Is there a higher law than the constitution? Should slavery be abolished? and so on. It was often difficult in the societies to find students who would take the unpopular side in these debates. Somebody was obliged to do so; and some of us learned in these discussions the tremendous handicap under which a man works when he has to defend for the time being some-

thing in which he does not really believe. It compelled us, however, to study carefully what could be said on the other side—not bad training for a college student.

It was while the public mind was seething with questions like these that the Republican party, which governed the country from Buchanan's administration until the two terms of Grover Cleveland, first became a national organization. Its first candidate was John C. Fremont. I lacked six months of being old enough to vote, and hence took less interest than I might otherwise have taken—but, for some reason, his candidacy did not appeal to me nor to my fellow students, probably for the following reasons: He was born in the south, Charlestown, South Carolina. He had not been identified with the anti-slavery movement, in which we were so deeply interested. His career had been as an officer in the navy, afterwards an explorer. Too much was said in the campaign about his wife, Jessie Benton, a daughter of old Sam Benton, a noted anti-slavery leader, as if his anti-slavery principles might have been absorbed from association with her. I do not remember a single political speech in that campaign, tho I do remember quite clearly some of the campaign songs. Fremont polled a large vote, however—114 electoral votes to 174 for Buchanan; and had the newly-formed Republican party pacified the old Whig element by the promise of a protective tariff, their candidate might have been elected. The hour had not yet come for the revolution that was to follow. It takes more than one campaign to absorb a party that has control of congress, of the executive, of the supreme court, and of the postoffices.

At Jefferson College

I SPENT the last part of June, July and a large part of August working on the farm at home, and in the fall started for Jefferson College, about thirty miles distant. Arriving at Pittsburgh on the way there, I was met at the station by my uncle. He was pale and evidently greatly agitated, altho he was a very strong, resolute and level-headed man. I said:

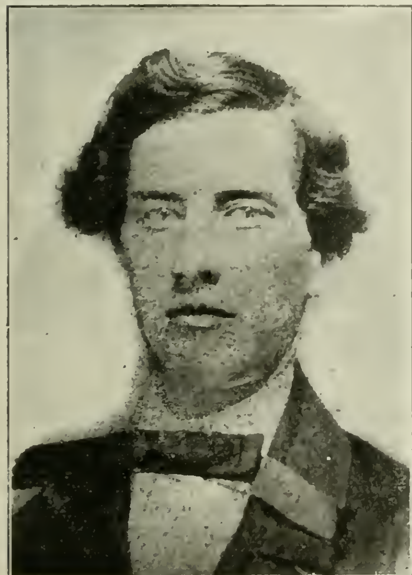
"Uncle, what is the matter?"

"The matter!" says he. "The Ohio Life and Trust Company has failed!"

I could not then understand why the failure of any life and trust company should agitate him so deeply, but was soon to learn. This was the beginning of the great panic of '57, which swept over the entire country, and from which it had scarcely recovered at the beginning of the Civil War. Like all other panics, it was caused by over-expansion, largely in speculation in land, railroad stocks and in business; and this expansion was possible with the miserable system of state banks, especially those of the west, that were under no adequate supervision. There was at that time no national bank system. Any number of men who pleased might start a bank and issue currency, which, in Iowa, Indiana and Illinois, went under the names of "wild-cat," "stump-tail," "red-dog," etc. It was scarcely safe to keep the paper currency of these western banks over night.

This same uncle of mine, when in Chicago at one time, had a lot of this money. He did not think it safe to take it home, so he invested it in tickets on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad. As his business with the railroad grew, they gave him an annual pass, and years afterwards, when I was located at Rock Island, he turned the tickets over to me, asking me, with my wife, to ride them out in coming to visit him in Pittsburgh. I mention this to show the improvement that has been made in the banking system, altho much improvement is still needed in order to prevent the recurrence of similar panics.

In those days you could walk from Pittsburgh to Canonsburg, or you could go horseback or in a carriage, or take the stage, which left Monongahela City in the morning. Nowadays you can go by rail or by trolley car almost any hour in the day or night. As these roads follow the streams, you miss the splendid views over the beautiful, rolling, fairly well wooded country which the stage route on the turnpike disclosed from the high points. This county is now densely populated—a great coal-producing, oil-producing and manufacturing district. The population was then almost entirely rural, and its main products were sheep, barley and Presbyterians. The sheep were of the old-fashioned, wrinkled, merino type; small, poor in mutton quality, with a skin so wrinkled that it was almost large enough to cover two sheep of its size and weight. The wool was fine and dense, and Washington county had a reputation for fine wool over the entire country. Farmers in Westmoreland county could not get within a cent or two of the prices that were paid for Washington county wool, even if they bought the sheep there and had just moved them over the county line. Then, as now, a community that co-operates in the production of any one thing, and produces an article of superior quality, can get a price in advance even of the actual value.



Henry Wallace When a Student at Jefferson College

I do not know why they produced barley to such an extent, unless the farmers, being a long distance from the railroad, could put into a wagon more money's worth of barley than of corn. Nowadays, we hear nothing in that county of barley nor of sheep; for there are too many miners and too many dogs. Thus do transportation facilities and the development of manufacturing industries change the course of agriculture.

The county raised some Presbyterians because it was stocked with Presbyterians from the start and could not help it.

Canonsburg, in 1857, was but a village, with a population of say a thousand, whether more or less I really do not know. The turnpike running thru Pittsburgh to Washington was the one principal street. Another at right angles to it climbed "Sheep Hill," on which the college buildings were located, which now house Jefferson Academy, the remains of the college. Insignificant buildings they would seem to you, if compared with the high schools in Des Moines or any similar city. On this street was located Olome Institute, a seminary for young ladies, or "Seminoles," as we called them; for this was before the days of co-education. The boys might call one evening in the week, within certain hours, and hold discreet communion with a fair damsel under proper supervision. On the turnpike was a building that had once been the Theological Seminary of the Associate, now the United Presbyterian Church; and on the parallel street nearly opposite the seminary was a boarding-house which we called "Fort Job." There were no dormitories or boarding-houses belonging to the college or to the fraternities. The students engaged rooms with board or without, and, if without, took their meals with old Mother Hunt, costing, as I recollect it, $2.25 a week.

Jefferson College was one of the early colleges of the then west, founded in 1802, largely thru the influence of one Doctor McMillan, a graduate of Princeton, which again had its foundation or beginning in the famous "Log College" of Bucks County, Pennsylvania. The settlers of Washington county, in which the college was located, were for the most part Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who had always taken their church and their schools with them, whether they pioneered in the forest or on the prairie; and who also took up arms against the federal government because it levied a small tax on the product of the distillery. Their ancestors before them took up arms against Charles II because he levied a tax of six-pence a barrel on beer. The transformation of their descendants into a race of prohibitionists, with scarcely an exception, is one of the most striking evidences of the progress of moral reforms. Jefferson College was therefore predestined, to use Presbyterian theological language, to be a school controlled by Presbyterian influence and attended largely by students with Presbyterian ideas and leanings. I mention this because the moral influences behind a college are quite as important as the course of study, or what is known as the curriculum. It is never safe to educate a boy intellectually in advance of his moral education. To have dispensed with chapel services, as has recently been done in a western university, because only a fraction of the students

attended, is something that never would have been thought of in Jefferson. The students were all expected to attend chapel and to take their seats by classes in the allotted parts of the hall.

Unfortunately, these good old Presbyterian folks made the mistake of establishing a rival school called "Washington," only a few miles distant—about four years later (1806)—two colleges where but one was needed. Their descendants, singularly enough, have ever since often made the mistake of establishing two rival churches where there is need of but one. Fortunately, the two colleges have since been united under the name of "Washington and Jefferson," and it is one of the very best of the smaller colleges in the United States.

As this was before the application of science to manufacturing, which has crowded men into cities, and before the extension of railroads and the opening up of the great trans-Mississippi country had rendered it possible to feed them cheaply, the population of the county was almost wholly rural, and the students were mostly from the farms, and from the farming sections where Presbyterians predominated—mostly from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, what is now West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. The southern element was very considerable, probably because at that time there was no Presbyterian college of equal standing in the South. The ages of the graduates ranged from twenty to thirty, sometimes to thirty-two. The high standing of the college may be seen from the fact that the classes grew in numbers from freshman to senior, the freshman class averaging about thirty, while the senior classes reached from fifty to seventy and over.

The college course would be regarded as meager nowadays, and appliances still more so. Latin from Caesar thru Sallust, Virgil, Cicero's Orations, Horace or Ovid; Greek from Xenophon's Memorabilia, Homer, Sophocles, Aeschylus; mathematics from geometry up to calculus, logarithms, etc. (Really, I have forgotten all about them, even the names!): natural science, three big volumes by Dr. Dionysius Lardner, of Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland. In one of them he proved to his own entire satisfaction that it was impossible to cross the Atlantic by steamship, because no vessel could possibly carry enough coal for the voyage. To his confusion, the first invoice of his books for use in an American college came over in a steamship, and so we dubbed him "Doctor Dionysius Gander." All this with no apparatus worth mentioning, and chemistry ditto. Then we had in the senior year, logic, metaphysics, ethics, science of government, constitution of the United States, Butler's Analogy, etc., for which no apparatus was

necessary except a sound body and a clear head. It can readily be seen that Jefferson College was not fitted especially to educate farmers or scientists or engineers or pedagogs; but to lay the foundation for the future study of any of these branches of human endeavor, as well as for law and medicine, but more especially theology. It pointed the student to mental and moral achievement rather than the conquest of natural forces or the amassing of material things.

There were in Jefferson College at the time of which I write no games or sports, no baseball nor football, with their factions and leaders, nor athletic contests with other colleges, involving large expense of time and money. I do not even remember if we had a college yell. If we did, I have forgotten it. There was no hazing, no "scraps" between sophomores and freshmen. In short, we were gentlemen, coming mainly from farm homes where money was none too plentiful, and with the sincere and earnest purpose of fitting ourselves for the serious business of life.

A somewhat striking event of these years, but which affected the students only in a financial way, however, was the great frost or freeze which occurred on the night of the Fourth of July. On the morning of the fifth, the ground was frozen about as it would be at the time of the first snow. The season had been a very early one. The corn on my father's place was knee-high; he was cultivating it the third time. Wheat was in blossom. Over the whole country from the Allegheny mountains to western Ohio, the frost killed all the corn and all the wheat. My brother and I cut all the wheat on twelve acres of land between noon and three o'clock. This was a small patch that was protected by a grove of trees.

I was boarding at Mother Hunt's. She had given us rhubarb sauce for breakfast, rhubarb pie for dinner, and rhubarb sauce for supper; and the boys all rejoiced that Sabbath morning because they knew the frost had killed all the rhubarb! When the leaves began to fall from the trees, however, and the sky assumed the appearance of Indian summer, when the people all over that section began to dread famine, and many merchants put up the price of flour from $5 a barrel to $10, we began to wonder as to the certainty of our remittances. Fortunately, railroads had reached the wheat fields of Indiana; and tho there was great loss, the country recovered. There were more buckwheat cakes eaten that winter than ever before or since, I am sure; for farmers, finding their crops a failure, bought every bushel of buckwheat they could. In

fact, some men were smart enough to go directly where seed could be purchased, and to sow a large acreage, and made more money than they would have made from their other crops. The man who knows how to take advantage of adversity and convert it into prosperity will succeed anywhere.

Jefferson College—The Professors

THE two main and essential things about any college are the students, which are the raw material, and the professors, who are to shape and mold that raw material. Someone has defined a college as a great teacher like Horace Mann, for example, on one end of a log, and a bright student on the other. The building and equipment, however important they may be, are yet but incidental to the main business of the college, the development of the intellect and the character of the student.

In my last letter, I have described in broad, general terms the students of the Jefferson of my day. I will now try to describe the professors. Unlike the conditions now prevailing in the modern large college or university, our students came in direct personal contact with the president and the professors. There were no assistant professors or tutors or student professors. Every professor taught every day. They were few in number, as compared with the modern college. I came in direct personal contact with but five during the junior and senior years. There were one or two more in the lower classes whom I knew but slightly. These professors knew every member of their classes personally; knew their habits of thought and of life, their personal peculiarities and idiosyncrasies, and took a deep personal interest in each one of them.

First let me introduce you to the president, Doctor Joseph Alden—"Old Joe" we sometimes called him in his absence—an eastern man, a lineal descendant of the celebrated Alden of the Mayflower; a little over medium height and weight; neat in dress; a man of the highest and most finished culture, with a thin upper lip and a pronounced under-jaw, which, when occasion required, would come up with a snap. There was no nonsense about Doctor Alden, no fooling when we came into his classes. You realized very soon that you were there for business. He tolerated no slipshod methods of study, nor foggy thinking. Whether in meta-

physics or political economy, or anything else in his department, you were expected to know not merely what was in the text-book, but the subject itself. If we were studying Foster's Essay on Decision of Character (a book well worth the reading of every student), or Butler's Analogy, everyone was expected to know the whole lesson and take up the subject where his predecessor in recitation left off, and that on the spur of the moment. We had to know the whole lesson, or we could not safely undertake to recite any part of it.

I owe him a great deal for one lesson. He asked me to come to his office, and began in a quick, earnest way, something as follows: Wallace, there are some men who can think and can not talk; and there are other men who can talk but can not think. I want you to learn how to do both. Here is a subject (I have forgotten what it was); come to me in two weeks with six definite statements bearing upon that subject, in logical order. You must promise me not to write a line or make a note, but have every point definitely thought out and every word definitely in your mind, precisely as you intend to speak it.

I remember that when I came to my second proposition, he said: "Wallace, that's not logical; it has nothing to do with the subject; go on to the next." It was a very severe drill; but to this day I do not feel thoroly comfortable in addressing an audience unless I know every word that I intend to say, and in the proper order, for the first five minues, and have the rest pretty well in mind. I find by experience that if you can get *en rapport* with your audience in the first five minutes, and have your stakes well set, you are pretty safe for the rest of the time.

The next in his impress on me was Professor Fraser, "Johnny" Fraser we called him when he was not around—a Scotchman. I think he was an old bachelor, altho I do not really know. He was a man of rather small stature, and of most excellent humor. He was professor of mathematics and astronomy. As a drill-master he was nowhere, but was a magnificent teacher for about fifteen or twenty of the best mathematicians in the class. The rest of us could follow him only at a distance. Unlike any other teacher of mathematics I ever saw, he did nearly all the work on the blackboard himself. I can see him now, with a coat of some light material, like as not out at the elbows or torn at the shoulders, standing before the class, discussing and expounding a proposition; and, if the least occasion offered, drifting off into poetry, philosophy or the meaning of life, until we stood spellbound. He was magnificent in repartee, and if any of the boys wanted to turn a

joke on the professor, they were not likely to try it a second time. He was a wonderful student in the line of poetry, philosophy, metaphysics, the whole range of thought. In astronomy, he had a theory that the heat of the sun was kept up by the constant dropping into it of small planetary bodies: "Throwing rocks at the sun to keep it warm," as one of the boys put it. He was not sure but that there was some bit of real science back of the superstition about the control of the moon over the weather.

He liked to have the boys come to his room, to talk with them about their aims and future life work, tell them the real meaning of the plays of Shakespeare. The Midsummer Night's Dream, as I remember it, was descriptive of the vagueness and elusiveness of life. In fact, I think he believed there was a definite, precise idea underneath each play, which must first be understood thru a thoro study of the play itself, until we got the fundamental aim and idea of the author; and then the play must be further studied for the purpose of showing how each particular passage and section illustrated the meaning of the play.

He was very fond of talking to the boys. I remember one Sabbath in the spring, when one of the boys and I were taking a walk, and standing on the bridge over Chartier's creek. The insects were beginning to crawl out from between the boards; and the professor evidently knew what most of us knew, that the young man with me was rather "soft" on a certain young lady. Pointing to the insects, he said: "So, Mr. Jones, creep out young desires." Once he read one of Spurgeon's sermons (The Great Reservoir), to indicate the methods by which natural objects could be used in marshaling and enforcing religious truth. I also remember another from a great Scotch preacher of that date, John Caird.

I shall never forget our last recitation. It was an eloquent appeal to the highest and best in us, if we would get the full meaning of life; and he was evidently showing us the best in himself, as, in fact, he always did. The bell rang for closing, but he talked a couple of minutes longer, and when the lesson closed there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of all the students, and tears in some of them. When the door opened, there stood a howling mob of fifty or sixty juniors, and, as we passed out, they said: "Boo, hoo! Big seniors crying!" It is a wonder that their gibes did not start trouble; but we paid no attention, and passed down the stairs with fitting senior dignity.

Professor Fraser did not benefit two-thirds of us very much in the line of mathematics: but in pointing out the possibilities of life, the methods of right living, and in presenting to us a noble

ideal of Christian character, he taught us something far more valuable than higher mathematics.

Our professor in Latin was Aaron Williams, a Presbyterian preacher. "Squills," we called him, tho why I never knew. He had the orthodox Presbyterian ministerial face, with "mutton-chop" whiskers, chin unduly sharp, wore glasses; and in some way could detect any nervousness on the part of any student, which he evidently regarded as an indication that that student was not prepared, and at once called on him. He was a regular Gradgrind, a drill-master *per se*, and every sentence must be translated with absolute accuracy. The construction must be brought out fully, and the accent and pronunciation must be perfect. That was his standard. Few of us came up to it; but it was a grand thing to have the ideal before us every lesson. The students respected him, valued him highly, but did not love him. He was not a lovable man like "Johnny" Fraser or even Doctor Alden.

Our professor in natural science was a Scotch-Irishman named Jones, who had a great deal of dry humor. I do not remember whether he was married or not. Unlike Professor Williams, he called the students as their names appeared on the roll. It was but a short time before he found out the names of the good students, and, evidently unconscious to himself, he called their names with a falling accent, and paused as tho he expected something from them, and little from the others whom he passed over so lightly. This was somewhat annoying. For instance, in our class he would read until he came to Cowan, and then he would go on down to Guy, from Guy to Moderwell, and so on to the end of the list. This had been his practice with all of his previous classes. In the second class before ours there was a student named Brack Downs, a man whose face, as Sidney Smith used to say, was a "breach of the peace." He spoke with an inimitable drawl and a drollness of manner that set everybody to laughing. The professor was asking the class to give him some examples of the use of emery powder. After he had passed Downs and dropped his voice at some other favorite student, Downs, with his peculiar drollery of voice and manner, said:

"Professor!"

"What is it, Mr. Downs?"

Of course the class knew what was coming, and all stamped, raising all the dust there was on the uncarpeted floor. Downs gave another twist or two in his chair, and said:

"I had thought of answering that question," at which there was more stamping, more dust and more laughter.

"Well, Mr. Downs, give us some examples."

Then, after waiting the proper time, and making his usual grimaces, Downs replied:

"Well, professor, there might be a great many examples given."

More fun at the professor's expense. He then became impatient, and said:

"Well, Mr. Downs, give us some examples."

Then, with another twist in his chair, and with his peculiar drawl, Downs answered:

"I don't think of any just now."

I never fully appreciated this incident until I had Downs make an address to my own students, two years after.

"Quam Proxime," as we called him, tho I do not know how the name originated, was a really first-class teacher, with a great deal of dry humor, and the boys were very fond of him. During my junior or senior year (I forget which), two murders were committed, and in each case the murderer was named Jones, one being a woman. Both were to be executed on the same day, one at McKeesport, on the east, and the other at Washington, on the west of us. The boys got together and drew up a petition for a holiday on the Friday on which the executions were to take place. Professor Jones read it carefully, and said:

"Why do you ask a holiday tomorrow?"

The leader answered: "To show our respect and sympathy for the Jones family."

The professor took it very good-naturedly, but we did not get a holiday.

I must not forget Professor Smith, dear old "Uncle Billy," professor of Greek. He was an old man, and whether his name was Schmidt or Smith, whether he was Pennsylvania Dutch, or Scotch, or Irish, or just plain American, I never learned. He had a very peculiar accent; but whether he got it from the Pennsylvania Dutch or from the study of German, or the English of some of Dickens' characters, none of us ever knew. He was a man of wonderful kindness of heart and sympathy for the boys; but he made the lessons so easy for us that we really did not have much respect for his teaching. A student would need to be very conscientious to study his Greek very closely when reciting to Professor Smith.

He called on us to translate in order; and, as there were fifty-seven of us, we translated only three or four times in the term, and always knew when our turn was coming. We parsed around in

order, and naturally only a few words during a lesson. I was pretty well up in Greek, having, I believe, the highest standing in the class. One of the other students, Loge Sample, who afterwards devoted his whole life and fortune to preaching the gospel in places where its sound had never been heard, in the mines and in the camps of the Rocky Mountains, and among the mountaineers in Tennessee, sat next to me. He had an exceedingly red face, fiery red hair, and whiskers and a mustache a shade redder than his hair. He knew nothing about Greek, and I generally helped him thru when he had to translate or parse; but one day I was busy with something else when the professor said:

"Mr. Sample, you may parse 'tupto'."

The verb "tupto," meaning to strike, is used in conjugating Greek in the same manner as "to love" is in English. Sample looked at the word for a moment, bit his mustache, as was his habit when perplexed, and said:

"Well, it's a noun."

Uncle Billy answered: "Vell, yes, or, rather, it's a verb!"

He was so easy with the boys that the phrase, "Vell, yes, or, rather," was in the most common kind of use.

We took a good many liberties with the dear old man, but one day we took one too many. A paper was passed around the class, agreeing that when "Cratty" Moderwell dropped his book on the floor, the whole class was to rise as if the bell had rung and it was time for dismissal. We all rose and marched toward the door; but were appalled when Uncle Billy turned on us a look of utter amazement, astonishment and grief. It was a habit with him to say: "Gentlemen, I have been teaching here thirty-five years, and never before had such disorder." But this day he said:

"Gentlemen, I have been teaching here thirty-six years, and I never saw anything like this before."

We slunk back to our seats like whipped pups, but had a more profound respect for the good old man than we had ever entertained for him before; for we realized how deeply he was hurt. He was undoubtedly a fine scholar, but a poor disciplinarian, and had been retained many years after his usefulness as a teacher had disappeared; but, none the less, we were all better for an acquaintance with the good, kind old man.

I hope when you go to college, you will have the opportunity of getting in as close touch with the really big men of your school as we did at Jefferson. For, after all, much of the education of life comes from getting in touch with men who are doing things worth while and have grown great in the doing of them.

College Societies and Fraternities

IN June last (1911),I invited three of my old classmates of fifty-two years before, one who graduated in 1858, and another a year or two afterwards, to be my guests for a week at my home. Our discussions took a very wide range: Stories of college life, theology (five of the six of us were preachers), personal religious experience, politics, education, manners and customs, and what not. Among other things, we discussed the influence that the particular professors had in molding our characters; and they all agreed with my own personal views as expressed in my last letter. Then we discussed the particular elements of the education that we received. We practically agreed that the best thing we got out of our college life was personal contact with the professors; that the next best was the training we received in the literary societies; and the third the training that we received from rubbing up against each other, on the campus, in the classes, and in the fraternities. The training that we received in these various ways meant a great deal. Compared with this, the actual information we acquired in the classes was a negligible quantity. We have long since forgotten most of it, but the effects of the training have gone with us thru life.

Jefferson College attached a great deal of importance to the literary training in the societies. There were two societies, the Franklin and the Philo. Each had an excellent library. Before the fraternities came in, these were practically secret societies. No Philo was allowed even in the Franklin library, much less in the hall, and no "Frank" in the Philo. These societies held a contest once a year. They selected, after careful sifting and training in the societies, a debater, an orator, an essayist, and a declaimer; and the persons in one society with whom those chosen in the other must contend, were not known until the program was given out. After the fraternities came in, the secrecy was in them and not in the societies; and great was the political wire-pulling

From left to right—A. T. Ankeny, W. P. Johnston, W. D. Patton, Henry Wallace, W. C. Williamson, Stephen Phelphs.

Five College Classmates Who Spent a Week With Henry Wallace at His Home is Des Moines During the Summer of 1911.

on the part of each fraternity in order to secure places in the contest of the year, and win if possible. In fact, to win a debate in a society was deemed by many a greater honor than to win first honor in the class. I was a Sigma Chi, and, like all the rest of them, worked with might and main to get Sigma Chis on the contest; whether in my own society or in the Philo made comparatively little difference. It was the fraternity that was striving for the honor.

It always seemed to me that the different fraternities made some distinction in the character of the men they sought. The Betas aimed to secure men of high class standing and of high literary and social culture. Their numbers were less than those of any other fraternity. The Phi Phis always seemed to me to aim at efficiency. They were not so particular about literary qualifications nor about culture, as they were to get men who could do whatever they wanted to do. The Deltas chose a slightly different type of men, but, in a broad way, similar to the Phi Phis. The

Sigma Chis laid emphasis on high moral character and scholarship, while the "Skull and Bones," mainly from the south, made good fellowship their *sine qui non.* Then we had what were known as the Lops, but which afterwards organized into what was called the Ouden Adalon, or No-Secret Secret Society. This, however, was after my time.

Under these circumstances, the college rurnished admirable training for politics; for in each fraternity the aim was to make combinations with other fraternities, and thus secure for its candidate the votes of as many Lops as possible. In the "Lop League," as we called it, that is, men who did not join any of the fraternities, there was always a leader, and the point, of course, was to get the influence of the leader for our candidates or combinations. As a result of my experience and observation, I doubt the wisdom of the young man or young woman in joining a college fraternity. The fraternities may be the means of great good, and they may be the means of great evil. It all depends on the character of the fraternity in general and of the local chapter in particular. I do not wonder, however, that young people join them. It is not very pleasant to be regarded as a "Lop." It is a great deal more pleasant to be regarded as one of the select few. Even in the best, however, it does not tend to promote that spirit of true altruism, that desire to benefit men as men, that lies at the base of every great character. If a student has the ability, and will get down to real hard work; if his manners are pleasant; if he is well bred—all the fraternities will want him, and he is quite as strong standing outside as he would be standing inside. I do not think the fraternities are of much value in after life; nor do I think there is much real value in any secret association, for that matter. If a man or woman is of the right sort, he is not likely to need the help of any secret association.

I regard the training that we received in the literary societies as of the highest value. We there measured swords with each other, and realized our merits and demerits, our strength and our weaknesses. Some idea of the character of the topics we discussed may be learned from a few which I remember. The subject for debate in the contest of '59 was: "Can the unconditioned be cognized or defined?" The subject chosen by one of the orators was: "Faith and reason; their claims and conflicts." The subject of one of my essays was: "Does the Essay on Man prove in itself that Pope was an infidel?" The decision on an oration was contested on the ground that the winner was guilty of plagiarism, and a trial followed. It was claimed that the oration was plagiarized from an

essay written by a noted English author. The defendant proved that he had never seen the essay, and never even knew of its existence. The opening sentence, however, was practically the same in the oration and essay. He accounted for it in this way: He was selected to fill a vacancy, the man originally chosen having been ill for weeks with typhoid fever. He wrote to a friend, asking for suggestions, and the friend suggested this subject, and gave him the opening sentence as if it were his own. Of course he was acquitted.

It is the hardest thing in the world to convict a man of plagiarism, even if guilty. To illustrate: When I was a pastor in Davenport, it was whispered around that one of the preachers had plagiarized a sermon from Horace Bushnell. One day, when he and I were out hunting, while we were sitting in a fence corner waiting for a flock of prairie chickens to fly over, I told him of the charge. He was greatly surprised, and said to me:

"You have Horace Bushnell's sermons?"

I said I had.

"Then," he said, "when the ministerial association meets next Monday morning, have a committee appointed. I will furnish you with the text of my sermon, and you can furnish Horace Bushnell's sermon. I will abide by the decision."

I found, as in the case of the college contest, that the opening sentences were very similar, being a definition of the difference between joy and happiness, a definition which I have often used myself, and I confess I got it from Bushnell. You remember the lines of Kipling: "When 'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre." I have forgotten the words, but the point of it all is that Homer borrowed from those who went before him, Virgil from Homer, and Shakespeare from Virgil, and we have all been borrowing from Shakespeare. In other words, there is no patent on thoughts—the patent lying only in the particular expression.

The Great Revival of 1858

IT surprised me very much when I went to Jefferson to find that there was no excitement over the slave question. In fact, I can not remember ever hearing it discussed. This was partly because there was no election then pending, partly because a large percentage of the students were from the south, and perhaps an equal number of northern students expecting to go south as soon as they graduated. Hence that subject, great as was its importance, was tabooed.

A potent influence in promoting harmony and co-operation between the students, notwithstanding the difference of opinions on public questions, was the revival of religion that swept over at least that entire section of the nation, in 1858. It was not a gotten-up revival. No plans nor preparations for it were made in advance. There was no special co-operation of the churches; there were no professional revivalists. It just came, like the wind that "bloweth where it will, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The prayer-meetings were by degrees better attended, the churches better filled on the Sabbath. There was a new note in the sermon, and also in the preaching. The Bible when read seemed to have more power over the hearers. One night at prayer-meeting, the leader read a chapter from one of Paul's epistles. Walter Forsyth, a freshman, arose in prayer, beginning with deep emotion: "O Lord, we thank Thee for such a man as Paul," and the whole audience was thrilled. One of the most profane students at the college was heard praying in agony aloud in his room, and a student in an adjoining room said: "L. is having a hard time of it."

The only special aid in the way of preaching, so far as I can remember, was Doctor Plummer, of the Theological Seminary at Allegheny, now North Pittsburgh. He was not a popular man—was suspected of southern leanings; was rather tall and quite old,

as age went in those days—I imagine somewhere around seventy—and quite venerable in appearance, wearing a long, gray beard. His sermons, however, were most effective. One of the members of our class, who apparently was not affected by the revival at the time, but afterwards became a Christian, told me more than fifty years afterward that he had never forgotten Doctor Plummer's sermon on the passage, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the evil days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

One small group held a prayer-meeting all night. One of the scoffers said: "Get that fact mentioned in the Pittsburgh papers." There were no bad after-results from this revival, so far as I ever knew. Many of the students were converted. The most profane man in the college entered the ministry, and has spent his life and property preaching in mining camps and other spiritually destitute places, always paying his own way. Others went as missionaries to the heathen, and others became ministers.

There were two churches just outside the town—an Associate or Seceder church on the hill to the west, and a Union church on the creek just east. These two denominations had been debating with each other for half a century, trying to find out why they stood apart. Thru the influence of this revival, these were welded together all over the country, and formed the United Presbyterian church. I have sometimes thought that this revival was a baptism of the Holy Spirit to prepare our country for the baptism of blood that came so soon afterward.

(End of Volume I)

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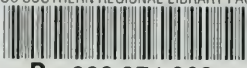

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